

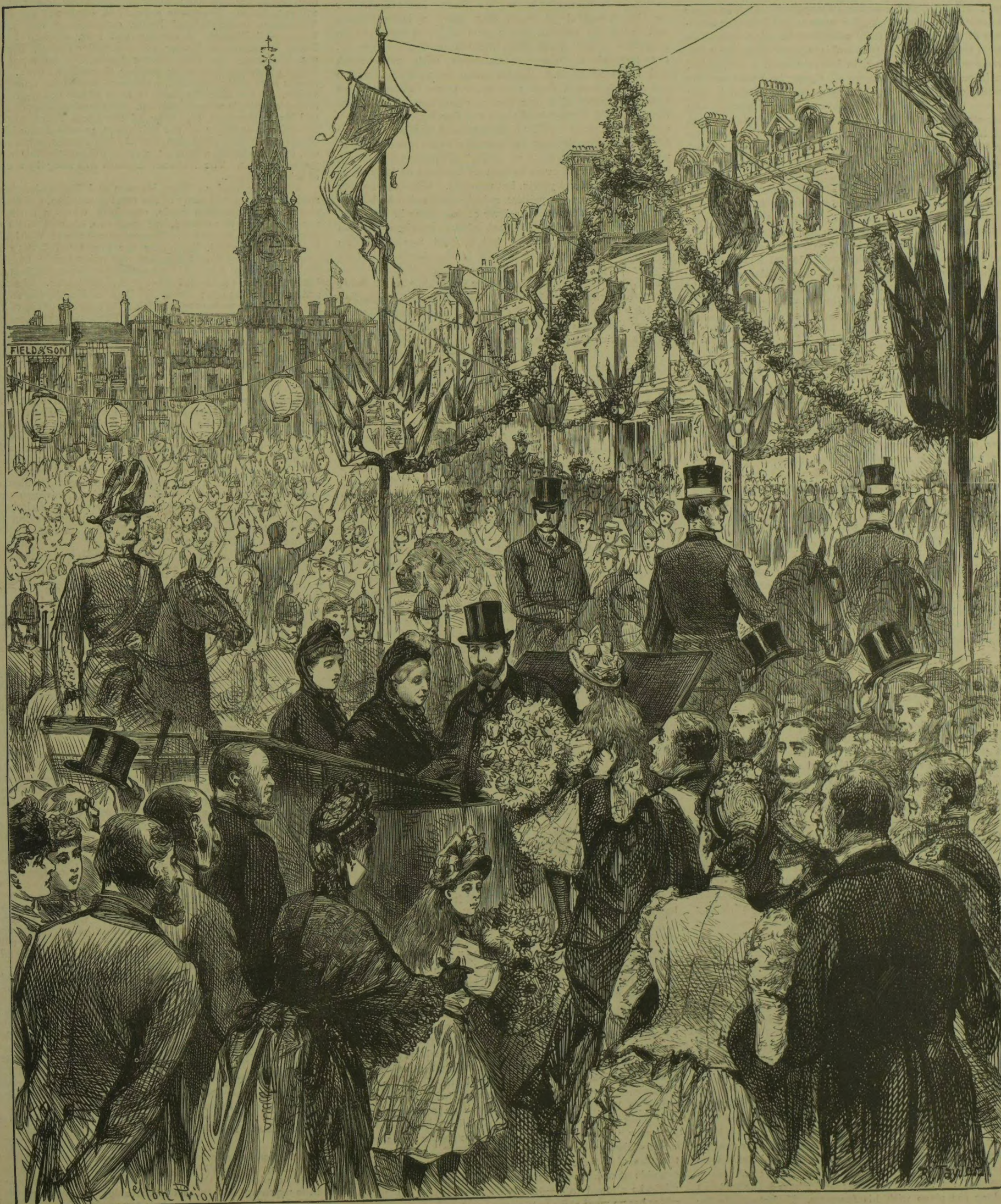
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VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO WADDESdon MANOR, BUCKS: RECEIVING A BOUQUET IN THE MARKET SQUARE, AYLESBURY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The advice of millionaires is not nearly so valuable as their money, but much more easy to get. They are always telling young persons how to make their way in the world, and to become as wealthy as themselves; to bear privation with philosophy, and not to mind any amount of work. In this respect they are most generous, and they act up to their great principle that every man should help himself, by carefully abstaining from extending the least assistance to anybody. A "self-made man" of millions is generally like a home-made suit of clothes, exceedingly economical but wanting in design, and only creditable to his creator, "considering." His gratuitous advice is no better than that of other—quite poor—people. Now and then, however, there is an exceptional case. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has been telling young people how to get on in the world, and, for once and a way, the lecture seems to be worth listening to. He is not, of course, in favour of an Eight Hours Bill for them; but, instead of the usual rubbish about "tholing," as the Scotch call it, he gives good advice as to where to invest their labour. He thinks establishments owned by sleeping partners offer fewer opportunities than where the heads of the house look after matters, and judge for themselves of the merits of their subordinates. He warns them against speculative employers, and lays stress upon the great advantage of profit-sharing, in however small a proportion, over increase of salary. Above all things, he points out the necessity of their "making themselves useful," which is only the *avant courier* of making themselves indispensable—by doing services out of the routine of duty. This is the true "willing service," and is always appreciated, unless the employer is a downright boor. We are all of us acquainted with it in household life; the servant who stands upon his dignity, or his rights, and never volunteers to help at a crisis, or when the domestic administration breaks down, is never worth much; while, when the contrary course is adopted, the mistress (if she is worth anything) is eager to recognise it. A friend of mine had a good cook, whom he properly estimated, but what doubled her value in his eyes was that when the chimney took fire one day she rushed to the housetop, and with her own artistic hands stuffed a wet blanket down the orifice. Wife after wife left him (he had three)—not with anybody else; they were removed by Fate in the usual way; but that cook remained with him, and was duly remembered in his will; and quite right too.

Next to being Louis XIV., who named what suit should be trumps at whist to suit his own Royal hand, I should like to be the Sultan of Turkey at the play. He "writes himself," it seems, gets the thing put upon the stage the same evening—none of your waiting at the manager's door for him—and is certain of the applause of the spectators. Half of them are "those of his own household"—the very people here who think nothing of *our* compositions, however great our genius—and know better than not to clap; and the other half are the ladies of his seraglio, who, if not enthusiastic, literally "get the sack." That is the sort of audience I should like to write for. No Press criticisms; no wretches coming in late, and disturbing one's scene; and tears and laughter absolutely on tap. His Majesty, we are told, "suddenly conceives his ideas," and woe be to the actor who is not a quick study. His humour in these admirable compositions is to "take off" some official of the palace, and if the victim does not enjoy it he is taken off the stage of life. His Majesty's jokes are practical, and when a lackey is directed to explode a bottle of champagne in somebody's face the whole house explodes. The bard who put his Majesty above the Pope—

The Sultan better pleases me, &c.

could hardly have been aware of his advantages in this way, or, being a dramatist himself, he would have spoken of his position in even higher terms.

The hospitable reception of the travelling bears at Windsor Castle has brought that animal into fashion. The stories one hears about him, as with all anecdotes of animals, are conflicting. Some say he is friendly to the human race, while others—particularly such as have enjoyed his familiar acquaintance—are of the contrary opinion. The other day there was an account of a bear and a millionaire—this sounds like one of Mr. Burnand's apoloques in his "Sandford and Merton"—in Galicia, which might be quoted by both parties. The millionaire (who had, perhaps, made his money by "bearing") cared for no society save that of his bear, with whom he lived on terms of the greatest intimacy. They drank brandy together by the quart, and were always wrestling. One day they drank too much, and, instead of trying a friendly fall as usual, fell out, and tackled one another in grim earnest. An old housekeeper, the only witness of the entertainment, says that "Marco" never used his claws, which certainly showed a great fairness of disposition, but only tried to "squeeze her master anyhow"—lugger-mugger—while the capitalist did all he knew to throttle his hairy friend. The hunter's invocation to Fortune, "If you don't help me, at all events don't help the bear," must have no doubt occurred to him, though he had no breath to utter it. The contest, which much resembles those described by De Quincey in his essay "On Murder as one of the Fine Arts," had, one reads with sorrow, a fatal termination for both parties.

It was, no doubt, a real bear that acquitted himself with such dexterity before Royalty at Windsor; but the Sultan Selim, at the beginning of this century, was tricked by a rascally Frenchman and a bear who was, in fact, only another rascally Frenchman. The keeper and his supposed Bruin were admitted to the palace, and the latter, shocking to relate—in his bearskin—even to the seraglio itself, where he danced and played on the piano with his forepaws. Unfortunately for himself, he so enchanted his audience that he was relegated to the Sultan's private menagerie, where his true character was at

once discovered, and from which, of course, he never emerged. His keeper took the money for him on the spot, and "made tracks"; never before, he said, had he known a friend so valuable. The best account of the bear in fiction is in the "Last of the Mohicans," where the scout plays the rôle of that animal in the camp of the Hurons. He has also given occasion for a riddle, which, in Sydney Smith's opinion, stands first in its class. "When may you spell Beer with an a?"—"When it's your own Bruin."

At the centenary dinner of the Literary Fund some home truths respecting the profession of letters were told which, I hope, will be laid to heart by those who heard them, and will tend to put a stop to the ridiculous rubbish which is written every day about the gains that are made in it. By comparison with any other profession there are no gains, and, at all events, no prizes. Advertisement, it has truly been said, is not Fame, but still less is it Fortune. "The occupation of the man of letters," said the Prince of Wales, "is, at the best, uncertain, and the moment it ceases, or he is disabled from following it, his income is brought to an end. . . . If trade is depressed, he is the first to suffer; for, when a family is about to economise, it begins by buying no books. The great lawyer or the successful physician may make a large income, and invest his surplus, but a man of equal eminence in literature makes comparatively small profits." Never did the lips of a Prince utter words with more truth and sense in them. Again, there is a foolish notion abroad that, though there may be no prizes in literature, an immense number of writers earn a competence at it. As to that, Mr. John Morley—and there are few higher authorities upon the question—said, "I often wonder whether there are fifty, or even twenty, men and women who are earning a competence by the authorship of books." They earn something, of course; but such sums as men of business, or lawyers, or doctors look for, not yearly, but monthly. Whatever we may think of Mr. Morley's politics, nobody doubts that he has the courage of his opinions. As a lover of democracy he expressed his view of the last "sordid" act of the American Congress in legalising theft in books, but omitted to speak of its reiteration. In a striking article in the *North American Review* for May, we are told that there is no limit to the ill-behaviour of Congress to this country when they are in need of the Irish vote; but Congress refused copyright long before the Irish vote was even heard of. There is a great difference between the victim of temptation charged with his first act of dishonesty and the habitual criminal.

Mr. Chamberlain told a story at the Artists' Benevolent Fund Dinner which one is sorry to read excited "laughter." He described an emotional young painter (presumably in water colours) who, having received ten pounds for a picture from a dealer, gave him back two pounds the next day. "This is too much," he said, quoting from a well-known biography ("though Heaven knows it wasn't"), "and I couldn't sleep for thinking of it." The dealer took the money, and afterwards disposed of the work for £500. The moral of the story—and also the immoral—is obvious: but what was there in it to laugh about? The guests could not surely have been so rude as to disbelieve their own chairman? The conclusion one is obliged to draw is that such conduct on the part of artists (though not, of course, of dealers) is rare; and that the painter was a fool for his pains. If he had given back the two "quid" (the name for sovereigns in the studios) at once, it might have been set down to a morbid fancy, or even intoxication, but to "sleep upon" the transaction, and then return them in broad daylight, seemed funny. How differently would the tale have been received if told at the Literary Fund dinner! Nothing is more common than for the author to give back twenty per cent.—thirty, forty per cent.—of the sum proposed by the publisher. The whole affair, indeed, is conducted with such delicacy and refinement that the money is called an *honorarium*. "Ten pounds! Impossible! The manuscript is not worth half so much! Five pounds? Well, if you insist upon giving so much; but I would rather say four."

When the book is published, and fetches (as it generally does) a thousand pounds, men of letters see nothing to laugh at in the modesty of their brother of the pen.

"You have, it seems, rather undervalued your work," they say; "but that is a fault on the right side, and you have made a publisher happy."

Thanks to Mr. Walter Besant, literature has now "an organ" of its own, in the monthly magazine called *The Author*, which is guaranteed to "fully discuss and ventilate all questions connected with that calling in all its branches." One is bound to confess, however, that in reading the description of that malefactor, one's horror at his crimes is somewhat mitigated by the idiocy of his victims. We ought, of course, "to wonder at his vice and not their folly," but the sentiment is difficult of entertainment; when a person is taken in by so shallow a swindle as the confidence trick, one cannot feel much pity. And the roguery of these publishing rogues is as patent as that of the skittle-alley. The reflection forces itself upon the mind that no one, unless blinded by vanity, the desire of "appearing in print," could run into such open snares. Nevertheless, the advice given in the new magazine to those who yearn to join that noble army of martyrs, the authors, is excellent and full of wisdom. The article entitled "Questions and Answers" will be very interesting to literary contributors, though in some cases they may think editors too charitably dealt with. For example, to the query "How long should an editor be free to keep a manuscript without acknowledgment?" it is replied: "Considering the piles of manuscript he has to examine, you should not grumble at waiting for three or four months." I think one might be allowed to grumble after two months. A diligent editor has no more right to have "piles of manuscript" than a farmer to sell stale eggs. Why does he permit them to accumulate? I am doubtful, too, of the following piece of advice:

"Suppose an editor refuses to name his rate of payment, and sends back the MS.; that will be better than to have it taken and published and not paid for." What kind of a magazine can it be which publishes a manuscript and does not pay for it? I can fancy an editor feeling a little indignant at being asked for his terms of payment by a stranger, and surely in the case of a first contribution the writer need not be so very solicitous about the amount of honorarium. If it turns out to be insufficient he need not write again for the periodical in question, and he cannot suffer much loss; and, as to having it sent back—well, a bird in the hand, I used to think, was better than two in the bush. However, these are spots in the sun; *The Author* is well worthy the attention of the literary public.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO WADDESDON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The visit of her Majesty, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, to Waddesdon Manor, near Aylesbury, the seat of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P., on Wednesday, May 14, was mentioned in our last. The Royal party, leaving Windsor at noon, arrived at Aylesbury at ten minutes past one. Lord Rothschild, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild met the Queen at the railway-station. There was a guard of honour of the Bucks Volunteers, under Colonel Bailie, commanding the Oxford Regimental District. A carriage and four, escorted by the Bucks Yeomanry, in Hussar uniform, under Captain Higgins and Lieutenant the Hon. Walter Rothschild, conveyed the Royal visitors to Waddesdon, passing through the town. The streets were gaily decorated, and there were four triumphal arches. In the Market-square, in front of the County Hall, a crowd of people were assembled. The carriage stopped here, and Mr. T. Horwood, Chairman of the Local Board, wearing his uniform as Major of the Volunteers, presented an address of welcome. His little daughter, Judith Agatha, seven years old, gave the Queen a bouquet of roses, lilies-of-the-valley, and yellow heather. The National Anthem was sung by a choir of schoolchildren.

Along the road, at Fleet Marston and Waddesdon Cross-roads, were gathered many of the rural population, and festive preparations had been made, especially where a handsome triumphal arch was erected, and platforms, adorned with evergreens, for the spectators. The entrance-gate of Waddesdon Park was decorated, exhibiting the motto "God Save the Queen"; and the Royal standard was hoisted on a flagstaff. Two daughters of Mr. G. A. Sims, steward to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, here presented a bouquet to the Queen. The park and mansion, though a recent creation, within the last fifteen years, have been made very beautiful. The children of the village schools were assembled in the park. Her Majesty was received by her host and Miss Alice de Rothschild, among whose other guests were Princess Louise, the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby, Earl and Countess Granville, Earl and Countess Brownlow, and Lord Hartington. Luncheon was served apart for the Queen, the two Princesses, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild showed his Royal visitors the fine collection of pictures and decorative art. He also exhibited the electric lighting of his house. Her Majesty then drove round the gardens and park in her own pony-chaise, which had been sent from Windsor on purpose. Before inspecting the orchid-houses and the aviary, she planted a fir-tree on the lawn as a memorial of her visit. The varieties of orchids were explained by Mr. F. Sander, of St. Albans. The Royal visitors rested a little while in the summer pavilion, on the lawn, where tea was served. Her Majesty, having stayed at Waddesdon Manor till five o'clock, returned to Aylesbury, and travelled home to Windsor Castle. In the evening the streets of Aylesbury were illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks in the Recreation Ground.

THE STATE BALL.

Her Majesty's State Ball was given at Buckingham Palace on May 20, the King of the Belgians and the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain being among those present. The Sovereign was represented, as usual, by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by the members of the Royal family, entered the saloon at eleven o'clock, when the dancing commenced.

The Princess wore a dress of magnificent white and silver brocade, trimmed in silver embroidery and silver flounces, corsage of the same brocade, trimmed lace, and flowers to correspond. Headdress—Tiara of diamonds. Ornaments—Pearls and diamonds. Orders—Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, St. John of Jerusalem, and the Danish Family Order.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein wore a dress of rich green Pompadour satin brocade, opening over a white satin petticoat trimmed with Honiton lace. Ornaments—Tiara and necklace of diamonds. Orders—Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, Jubilee Commemoration Medal, Red Cross, St. John of Jerusalem, and Coburg and Gotha Family Order.

Princess Victoria of Wales wore a very pretty toilette of cream Russian net, veiled over satin, and striped with handsome gold galon; corsage of white satin broché, trimmed with the same soft net and gold galon to correspond. Orders—Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, St. John of Jerusalem, and Jubilee Commemoration medal. Ornaments—Pearls and diamonds.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein wore a gown of white satin, petticoat of the same, draped with embroidered crêpe lisse and trimmed with bunches of pink orchids, tied with white-satin ribbon. Bodice of white satin, arranged with old-rose point lace and pink orchids. Orders—Victoria and Albert, Crown of India, and Jubilee medal.

At 12.30 supper was served in the supper-room, which, as usual, was resplendent with the magnificent service of her Majesty's gold plate, which adorned the walls of the chamber. The procession from the ball-room was headed by all the gentlemen ushers and the retainers of the Court, as well as the Equerries-in-Waiting, who preceded the Prince of Wales, with Queen Isabella of Spain on his arm; and he was followed by the King of the Belgians, who gave his arm to the Princess of Wales. To them succeeded the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the Duchess and Princess Mary and Prince Francis of Teck; the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household, as well as the Court functionaries and their wives, bringing up the rear.

The Queen has allowed the Jubilee present from the officers of the Army to be exhibited at the Royal Military Exhibition. It will be placed in the Battle Gallery as soon as received. At the request of the Duke of Cambridge, the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital have given permission for the Royal Military Exhibition to remain open until 11 p.m. on Wednesdays. The appreciation of the public is shown by the visit of 11,868 on May 17, as registered by the turnstiles.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Since "Paul Kavar" was produced at Drury-Lane and proved a showy melodrama, but less tawdry than the majority of such productions, there has not been much stirring in the theatrical world. But, for all that, the matinée fever rages with its accustomed fury. Everyone who has a new play to produce, every actress who desires to show herself in some character for which beneficent Nature has not designed her, every active person who delights in getting up benefits for deserving or undeserving causes, as the case may be, fly for refuge to the matinée, which I should say was, in the long-run, destructive to the best interests of theatrical commerce. It is quite certain that during this lovely spring weather people cannot live in the theatre, and surely if they spend their money on theatrical entertainments—charitable or otherwise—in the morning, they cannot be expected to do the same at night. A morning performance of a successful play is a very legitimate and desirable entertainment. It provides for the overflow and enables suburban residents to get a seat, for a play that is generally discussed, earlier than would otherwise be the case; but trial matinées and unnecessary benefit performances take good money out of the theatrical till, and increase the growing army of "dead-heads" who arrogantly boast that they never paid for a seat in a theatre, and never intend to do so. However, in a very short time we are to see two actresses who will really be worth seeing in this age of dramatic decrepitude. Sarah Bernhardt, recovered happily from her serious illness, will play Jeanne d'Arc and make her farewell before taking a long tour in South America and India, and Miss Ada Rehan will reign at the Lyceum with the Daly Company. It is a pity, perhaps, that this accomplished artist

will devote most of her time to translated German farces seen before in this country, but before she leaves us she will appear for a few evenings as Katharine and as Rosalind.

Mr. Charles Wyndham continues on his wild course of comical perversity and misrepresentation. No one in the wide world ever hinted, or asked, or argued that Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" should be played seriously. No one in his senses ever implied that such a comedy should not be brightly and smartly acted. But the point on which Mr. Charles Wyndham and his critics disagree is whether Goldsmith's play should cease to be a comedy of manners, whether it should be boldly taken out of the century that it illustrates, and plunged into an age to which it does not belong. Mr. Wyndham may quote Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole, and Mrs. Inchbald, by the yard, but he will never persuade me that old Hardcastle was *not* a country gentleman, but *was* an antic-making buffoon; that Miss Hardcastle was *not* a girl of infinite liveliness and resource, but *was* an uninteresting little milkop, destitute of humour and ignorant of style; that young Marlow was not a buck of the last century, but a comic joker stepped out of a modern farce by Hennequin or Halévy. No one in the wide world wishes to deprive Goldsmith's play of its humour; but no educated person desires to divorce it from its "manner." If Mr. Wyndham and his modern company are so ignorant of the art of acting that they cannot assume the manners of another age, let them honestly say so. I doubt, however, if any one of them would make any such humiliating confession. If, according to the Wyndham theory, the modern actor can only present himself and nobody else, then, indeed, his art has fallen into a very pitiable state indeed. The more the flavour of Goldsmith's humour is retained, the better; but it is not increased by burlesquing types of character sufficiently well

known. And in all Mr. Wyndham's arguments he seems covertly to imply that Goldsmith's play has never been acted before in this country with any sense of humour attached to it. He has the assurance to point to the Wallacks as the only actors who approximately understood this famous classic. Shades of Covent-Garden and the Haymarket!—has it come to this? "How we apples swim!" One word more about the preposterous substitution of "hen" for "hag" in a letter written by Hastings to Tony Lumpkin. This is Mr. Wyndham's explanation: "Stop, no: I confess to one special introduction. I admit 'the hen.' I could not manage at rehearsal to convince myself that the sympathies of the audience with the good-natured, loutish Tony Lumpkin would not be weakened by his *permitting*, even in those days of roughness and personality, an acquaintance of two hours to call his own mother 'a hag' without resenting it!" What on earth had Tony Lumpkin to do with the matter? He was not responsible for the sentiments of Hastings, he could not help the introduction of an offensive term into a letter addressed to him, and there is no evidence that he did not resent it when he met Hastings round the corner. The substitution is to make nonsense of the whole scene, which has been roared at—"hag" irreverence, insult, and all—ever since 1773, and has not hitherto been objected to by the most squeamish of actors or prudish of audiences. As to the gallant Wyndham's statement that he prefers the opinion of the critics of yesterday to the critics of to-day on a point on which, by the way, they do not differ in the least degree, that is a "tu quoque" retort at which a schoolboy would blush. It is impossible that Dr. Johnson could have said that Goldsmith should be played in the modern manner, for that manner only came into vogue a hundred years after his death!

C. S.



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|-----------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|--|--|
| 1. The Journalist. | 2. Cavaliere degli Speechi. | 3. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. | 4. Marcus Aurelius, in bronze. | 5. President of the Procession, holding a Spoon. |
| 6. Prince of Cervara. | 7. Princess of Cervara. | 8. Mounted Artilleryman. | 9. Chief of the Gendarmes (a well-known Artist). | 10. Man in Armour. |

THE ARTISTS' PROCESSION TO THE GROTTOS OF CERVARA, NEAR ROME.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

The seventy-first anniversary of her Majesty's birthday was celebrated on May 21 in London, at the military and naval stations in the United Kingdom and in all parts of her dominions, with great display and rejoicings. In the Metropolis the principal event was the military ceremony of "Trooping the Queen's Colour" on the Horse Guards' Parade, Whitehall. The troops detailed for the ceremony were on the ground by nine o'clock, and at ten the Royal procession, headed by the Commander-in-Chief, the Prince of Wales, Prince Henry of Prussia, Lord Wolseley, and the members of the Headquarters Staff, proceeded from the Mall to the Parade, where, on arrival at the saluting base, the massed bands of the Guards, under Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, played the National Anthem. After the trooping of the colour a number of the distinguished visitors proceeded to Hyde Park, where, on the Guards' ground, the annual inspection of the Post Office Volunteers, the strongest corps in the Metropolis, of which the Duke of Teck is honorary Colonel, took place. Over one thousand men assembled, under the command of Colonel Du Plat Taylor, C.B. At the largest military station in the United Kingdom, the Camp, Aldershot, all the available troops in General Sir Evelyn Wood's command proceeded to the Queen's Birthday Parade Ground to celebrate the anniversary. About 10,000 troops were present. Parades were held at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Devonport, Chatham, and at the principal military stations. At the various naval stations the ships were dressed, and fired Royal salutes. At the Tower a salute was fired, as also in St. James's Park. The Honourable Artillery Company, as usual, held their special birthday parade at the headquarters at Finsbury.

A number of Queen's Birthday Honours have been

announced. Sir Henry Acland and Lieut.-Colonel William Wallace Hozier receive baronetcies, and nine other gentlemen obtain knighthoods, while promotions and appointments are also made in the several Orders of distinction.

At the 102nd anniversary festival in aid of the funds of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, Sir Francis Burdett presiding, the grand total of the subscriptions exceeded £11,000.

The Lord Mayor presided on May 20 at the first festival dinner in aid of the Evelina Hospital for children, founded twenty-one years ago, and since then mainly supported by the family of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.

The Duke of Cambridge, president of the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road, on May 20 laid the foundation-stone of a new wing, and afterwards, with many of the assembled company, paid a visit to some of the wards.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, on May 20 opened a most tastefully arranged bazaar at the Kensington Townhall, in aid of Mrs. Meredith's beneficent institutions for the assistance of discharged female prisoners.

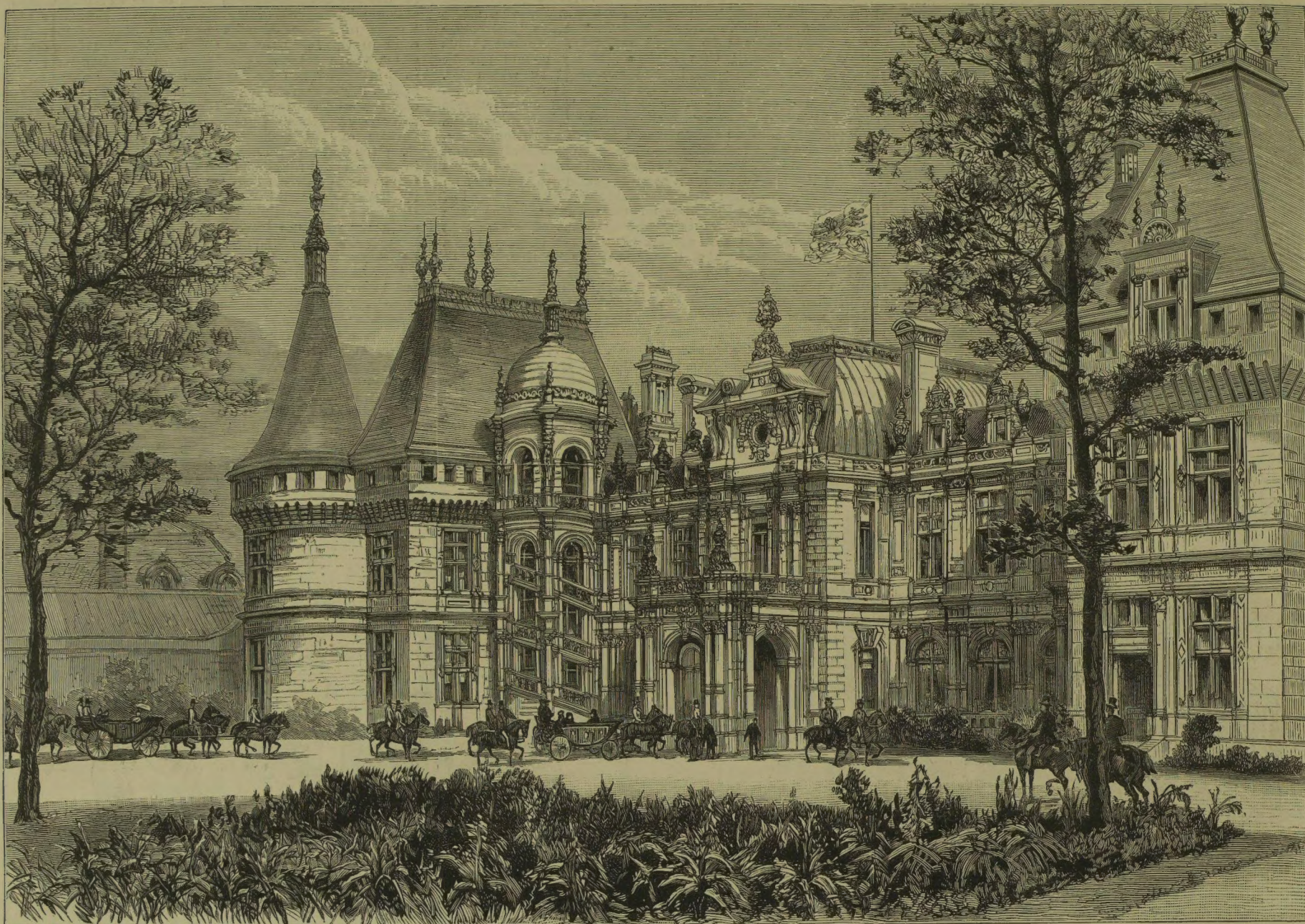
A floral fête and promenade, in aid of the Gardeners' Orphan Fund, was held on the night of May 21, in the wholesale Flower Market, Covent-garden, specially granted for the occasion by the Duke of Bedford.

Some art sales took place, on May 17, at Christie's, where the Wells Collection of porcelain and objects of art was disposed of, together with a selection of engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds, formed by the second Lord Palmerston. The former realised £12,800, and the latter £3700. Nearly £12,000 was realised by a sale of modern pictures collected by the late Mr. F. W. Cosens, of Lewes.

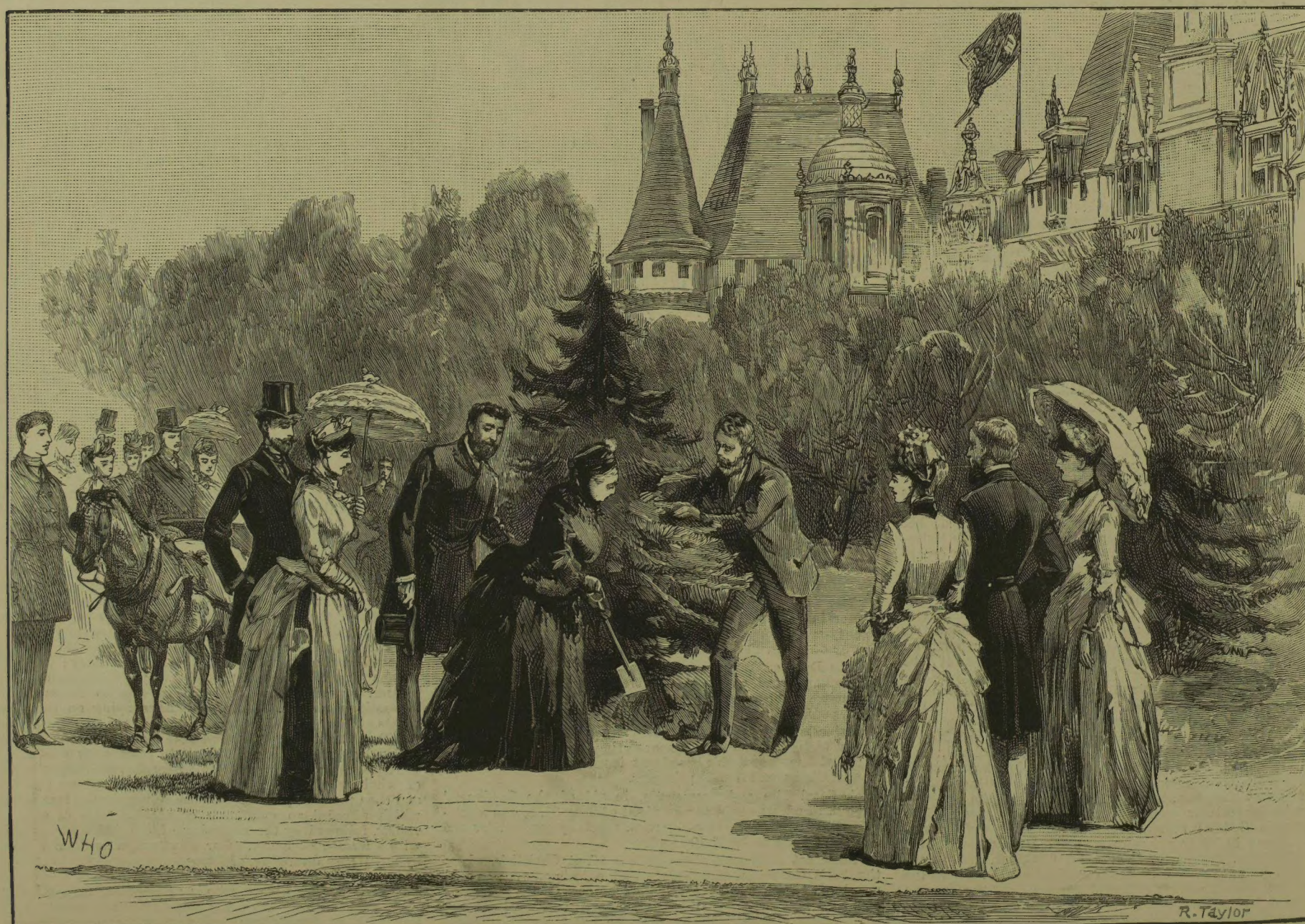
THE ARTISTS' FESTIVAL AT ROME.

The German, French, English, and other foreign artists and art-students in Rome are yearly accustomed to celebrate the month of May with a festive social excursion in the Campagna, displaying much ingenious fancy in the imitation of romantic or antiquarian features of pageantry; and that which took place, on May 6 this year, at the Grottoes of Cervara, was of an imposing as well as of an amusing character. Its grand feature was a battery of field artillery, manned by some members of the German Artists' Club, who composed a very effective military force. The bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius seemed also to have descended from its pedestal on the Capitol for a ride into the country; while two of the Greek heroes of the Iliad, Ajax Telamon and Ajax Teucer, preceded Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the fantastic procession. There were flags flying on the battlements of the Tor delle Cervarette; and the renowned Prince and Princess of that feudal castle, in a car of mediæval pattern drawn by six horses, issued forth to meet their guests, who were presently entertained with a generous banquet and plenty of wholesome Roman wine. A salute of artillery was fired, and then the trumpets sounded the signal for the tournament, which afforded an exhibition of notable feats of skill and valour, followed by the crowning of the foremost champion with a wreath of laurel. Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. Henry Cumming, of Rome.

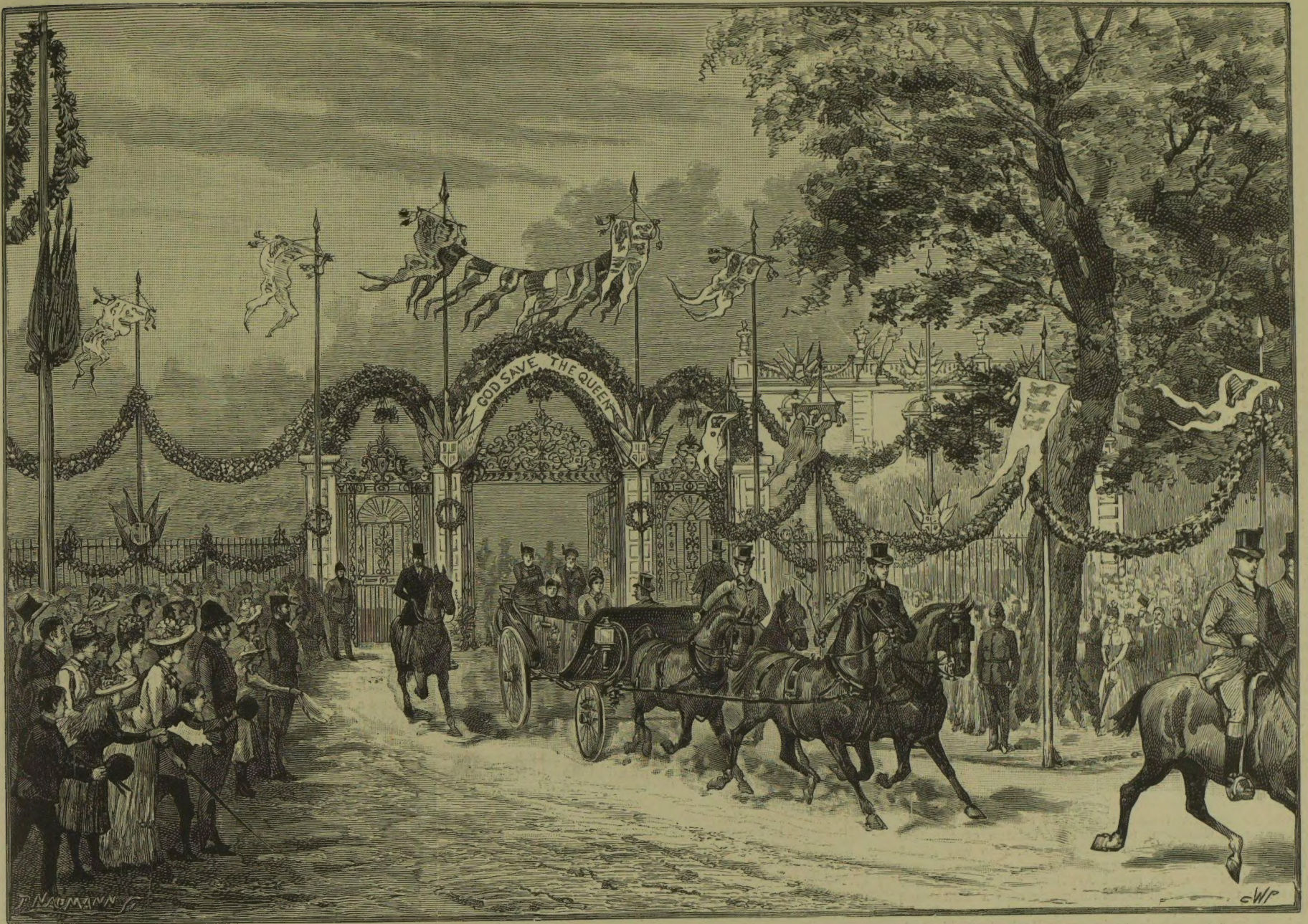
The German Emperor, who is an honorary Admiral of the Fleet in the British Navy, has manifested his sympathy with the work of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in a practical manner by sending, through the German Ambassador, a donation of £50 towards its funds.



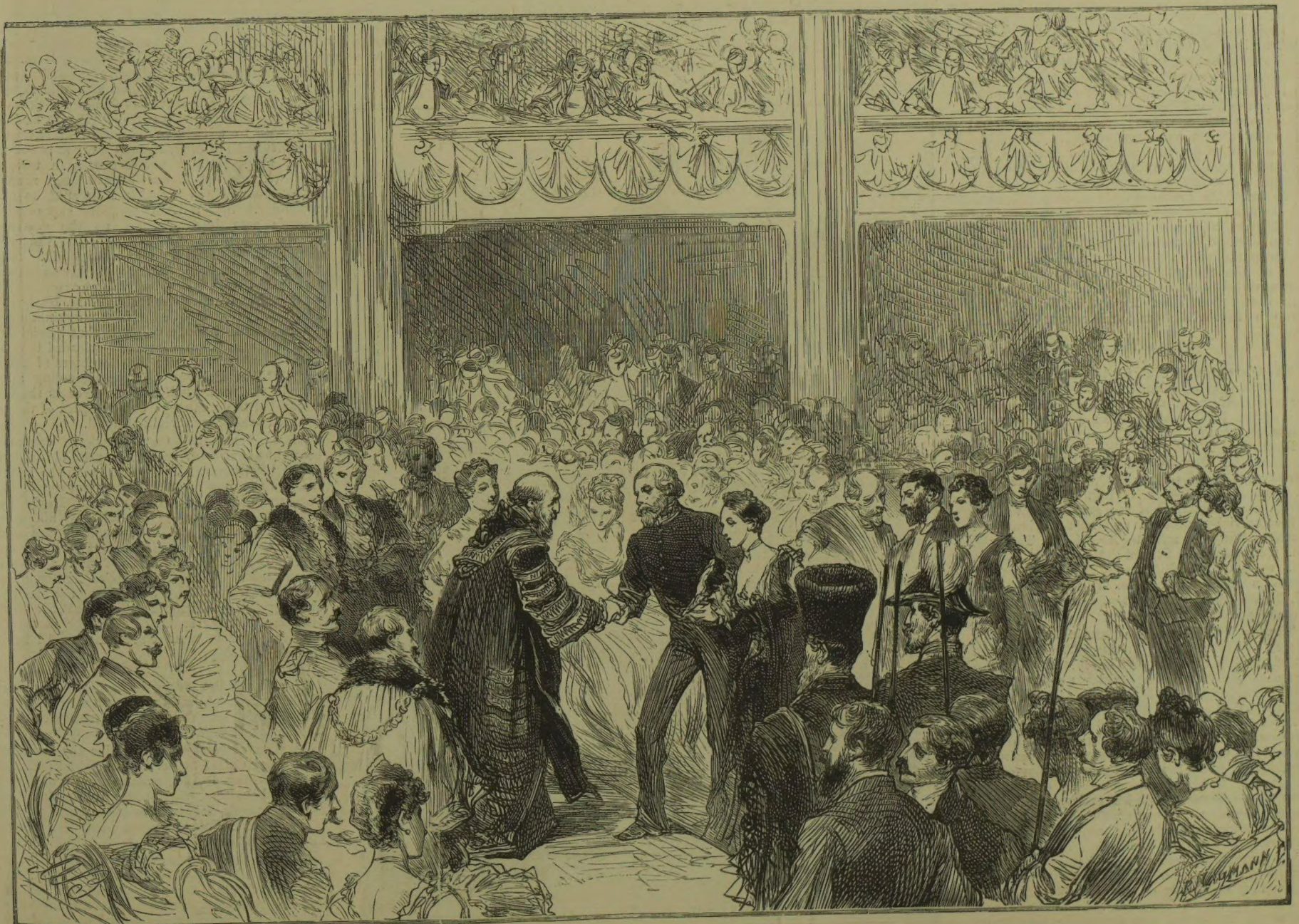
ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT WADDESDON MANOR.



THE QUEEN AT WADDESDON MANOR: HER MAJESTY PLANTING A TREE.



THE QUEEN LEAVING WADDESDON MANOR.



THE PENNY POSTAGE JUBILEE CELEBRATION AT GUILDHALL: THE LORD MAYOR RECEIVING VISITORS IN THE LIBRARY.

THE PENNY POSTAGE JUBILEE.

The Jubilee of the Penny Post was celebrated by a reception at Guildhall, on May 16, which was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Lord Mayor and civic dignitaries, and about three thousand other guests. In the course of the evening the Postmaster-General (Mr. Raikes) made a few remarks, showing the wonderful development of the postal service, and expressed gratification at having been able to propose a uniform rate of postage to the Colonies.

The Lord Mayor's guests, on this occasion, had the first view of an interesting exhibition illustrating the rise and progress of the British postal service during three hundred years. The Committee, of which Alderman Sir James Whitehead was the Chairman, had the co-operation of the Postmaster-General, Sir A. Blackwood, Secretary to the Post Office, and several of the principal officials of the department. There was a working post and telegraph service, complete in every detail, showing the processes of stamping, sorting, and preparation of letters, the making up, receipt, and dispatch of mails, and telegraphs in action. The multiplex telegraph and the telephone were in operation in the Art Galleries, a travelling post office was shown at work, models of mail-packets and mail-coaches were on view, and there was a display of historical and other curiosities connected with the Post Office. The Prince of Wales exchanged telegrams with Paris. Ten thousand Jubilee post-cards were sold for the benefit of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund, which was one of the special objects of the exhibition. To make the illustrations of the service complete, a number of four-horse mail-coaches, for which Messrs. Macnamara are the contractors, were dispatched during the evening from the Guildhall yard, with mails which had been made up in the hall. Among the literary curiosities were the first declared account of T. Randolph, Master of the Posts in 1566, signed by Lord Burghley and Sir W. Mildmay; a similar document rendered by Stephen Lilly, Receiver-General of the Post Office in 1695; a large collection of English and foreign stamps; pictures illustrating the old mail coaching days; portraits of celebrities who have been connected with the Post Office, among them John Brindley, a quaint old letter-carrier, in a tall hat, swallow tail, and white trousers, who was actually the only postman in Wolverhampton as recently as 1854; and the driver of a mail-cart, Robert Paton, as he appeared, his face covered with icicles, after braving the terrible storm of March 1, 1886, when he left two horses on the road, and went on with a third horse. This brave man lost his life in another perilous journey, during the storm of Jan. 18 in the present year, being found with his neck broken, under his overturned mail-cart.

The exhibition remained open on Saturday and Monday.

STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON AT CHATHAM.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, on Monday, May 19, visited the Royal School of Military Engineering at Chatham, to unveil the statue of the late Major-General Charles George Gordon, R.E., who was killed at Khartoum. It has been erected by subscription among the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, and the Engineer Volunteers; the Memorial works including also a monument in Westminster Abbey, marble busts at Chatham and Woolwich barracks, a stained-glass window in Rochester Cathedral, and a shield presented to Miss Gordon, sister of the lamented hero. The statue, which is the work of Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., sculptor, represents General Gordon in the uniform of an Egyptian General, as Governor-General of the Soudan, riding a camel; the pedestal is inscribed simply "Gordon."

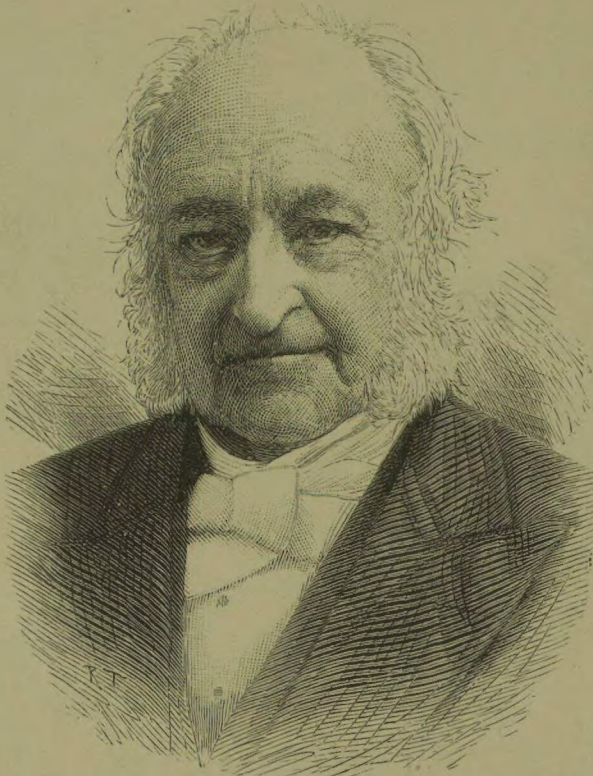
Their Royal Highnesses, in uniform, attended by a military staff, arrived at Chatham at one o'clock. The Court-leet of the Manor presented an address, read by Mr. Browne, the High Constable, at the railway station. A salute was fired by the Spur Battery at Fort Amherst, and an escort of the West Kent Yeomanry Cavalry attended the Prince through the streets, where several triumphal arches had been erected. The Royal Engineers were drawn up at their barracks, and the streets were lined with troops of the garrison. Around the statue were the boys of the Gordon Home and of the Arethusa training-ship. General Sir Lothian Nicholson, Inspector-General of Fortification, addressed the Prince, as President of the Gordon Memorial Committee. His Royal Highness replied, expressing his sincere admiration of the character of General Gordon, and then unveiled the statue, which had been covered with the Union Jack flag. The band played Gordon's favourite hymn, "For ever with the Lord."

The Clare-market Club for the working-men of the district is being formed in Holles-street, Clare-market. Many prominent neighbours and members of the legal profession have promised their assistance, among whom are the Duke of Bedford, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., the Hon. Mr. Justice Grantham, the Attorney-General, Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., the Rev. Dr. Vace, Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Augustus Harris, &c. The names of any gentlemen willing to become vice-presidents, and subscriptions and donations, may be sent to Mr. H. H. Twining, hon. treasurer, 215, Strand; Mr. G. A. Fisher, hon. secretary, 5, Pitt-street, Kensington; or payments made to Messrs. Twining, bankers, 215, Strand, to the account of the Clare-market Club.

The Turners' Company entertained Mr. H. M. Stanley and three hundred other guests at dinner, in their hall, in the City, on May 17. Replying to the principal toast, Mr. Stanley narrated some incidents of his African Expedition. Miss Dorothy Tennant, to whom Mr. Stanley is engaged to be married, was present, and her health was drunk, Baroness Burdett-Coutts responding on her behalf, expressing a belief that that lady was admirably calculated to make for Mr. Stanley the home that was so dear to all Englishmen. A dinner was given to Mr. Stanley and his colleagues, by the London Chamber of Commerce, on the 21st, at the Cannon-street Hotel, the chair being taken by the President, Sir John Lubbock. The gathering was a large and representative one, including a number of ladies. Sir John Pender entertained Mr. Stanley at dinner on the 19th, at his house in Arlington-street, Piccadilly. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland entertained Mr. Stanley on the 20th. The Aberdeen Town Council have agreed to confer the freedom of the city upon Mr. Stanley.

THE LATE PREBENDARY PITMAN.

The Rev. Thomas Pitman, Vicar of Eastbourne, Sussex, and Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, died on May 11, in his eighty-ninth year. The son of a solicitor, and one of four

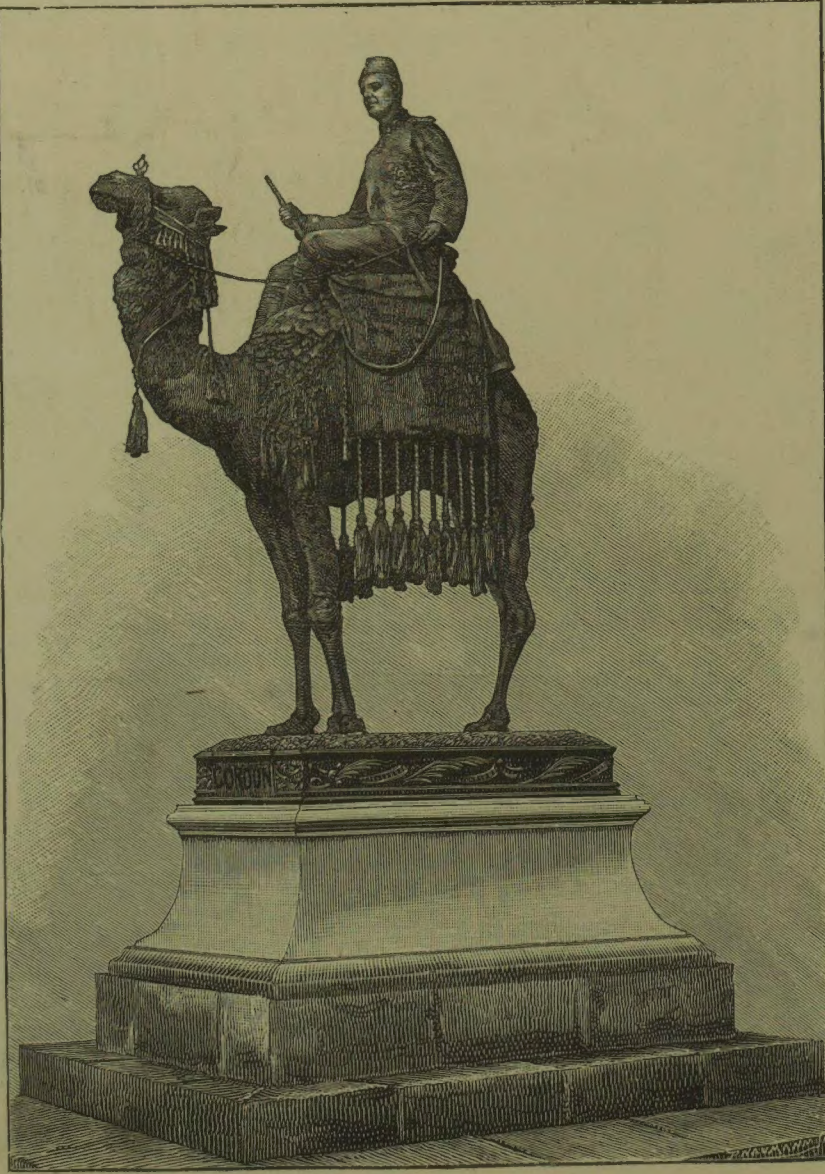


THE LATE REV. PREBENDARY T. PITMAN,
VICAR OF EASTBOURNE.

brothers, two of whom survive him, he was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, took the degree of B.A. in 1825, and that of M.A. in 1827. In 1826 he was admitted to the Church as a Deacon, and became Curate at Brightwell, Oxfordshire. The next year he was ordained a priest, and in 1828 he was presented to the living of Eastbourne by the then Bishop of Chichester. From that time to the present, a period of sixty-one years, he has continued Vicar of the parish. He was installed Prebendary of Wisborough in Chichester Cathedral in 1841; formerly he was Rural Dean.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. G. and R. Lavis, of Eastbourne.

A remarkable exhibition of postage-stamps—the first of its kind ever held in England—was opened on May 19, at the Portman Rooms, by the Duke of Edinburgh, who is himself an enthusiastic collector. The display was originated by the members of the Philatelic Society, as an appropriate celebration of the Jubilee of the Penny Post. The Post Office and the Inland Revenue authorities, the India Office, the Governments of New South Wales and Tasmania, and the Crown Agents for the Colonies sent contributions, while from all parts of the world collectors forwarded specimens of nearly every stamp that has been issued during the last fifty years.



STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL C. G. GORDON, AT CHATHAM,
UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES MAY 19.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

This bright May of morning sunshine and evening showers has made the country look so beautiful that it is small wonder Mr. Gladstone anticipated the Whitsuntide holidays, and left town, for a triumphal progress through Norwich and Lowestoft and verdant East Anglia, a week before the generality of legislators could snatch themselves from their round of Parliamentary duties and social functions.

The Marquis of Salisbury, for his part, has roused himself to make one or two of those clearly delivered speeches which are ever welcome from the Prime Minister. Would that each speaker in the House of Lords spoke as plainly as the noble Marquis! The Premier, vastly better in health since he sought renovation in the Riviera, was called upon, in the first place, on the Sixteenth of May, to answer an important question bearing on the relations of England and Germany. The Earl of Rosebery was interrogator. The Chairman of the London County Council, presumably desirous to show that his purview is wider than the great city which is supposed to engross his thoughts, formed himself, so to speak, into a note of interrogation, and asked Lord Salisbury whether there was any foundation for the report that, in 1888, the German Foreign Office almost peremptorily requested England "to join the Triple Alliance." His Lordship was able, in his tersest fashion, to reply that the rumour was "the most extraordinary fabrication I ever saw." Lord Salisbury also took the opportunity "to deny in the most absolute manner that there was any marked estrangement, or any estrangement, in the Anglo-German relations when the present Emperor ascended the throne. They were then, as they are now, and have been for a long time, relations of the most cordial friendship."

One never sees the Earl of Harrowby, one of the most thoughtful of statesmen, rise behind the Ministerial bench in the Lords without wishing he were again a member of the Government. The noble Earl had on the date mentioned a question to put as to the position of affairs between this country and Portugal in East Africa. Lord Salisbury, in replying, expressed the wish that he were in the position to address his answers on such subjects to a Select Committee on foreign relations, sitting in secret session. He could then speak his mind freely. Now he could only say that negotiations were still going on with Portugal and other Powers. But the Prime Minister put his foot down firmly on one point. Lord Harrowby had referred to the arbitrary and unjustifiable action of certain Portuguese officers in stopping vessels on the Zambesi and Shiré Rivers. "That," emphatically declared Lord Salisbury, amid approving cheers, "is not a matter of negotiation. It is not a matter on which we can negotiate at all." Those international highways are open to all. It may be added that, on the Nineteenth of May, the Marquis of Salisbury most happily answered the somewhat intangible speech from the Earl of Wemyss on Socialism, and made it clear that the Cabinet, while unlikely to propose any Utopian schemes, had under consideration the Labour problem, which the Emperor William called a Conference together to solve.

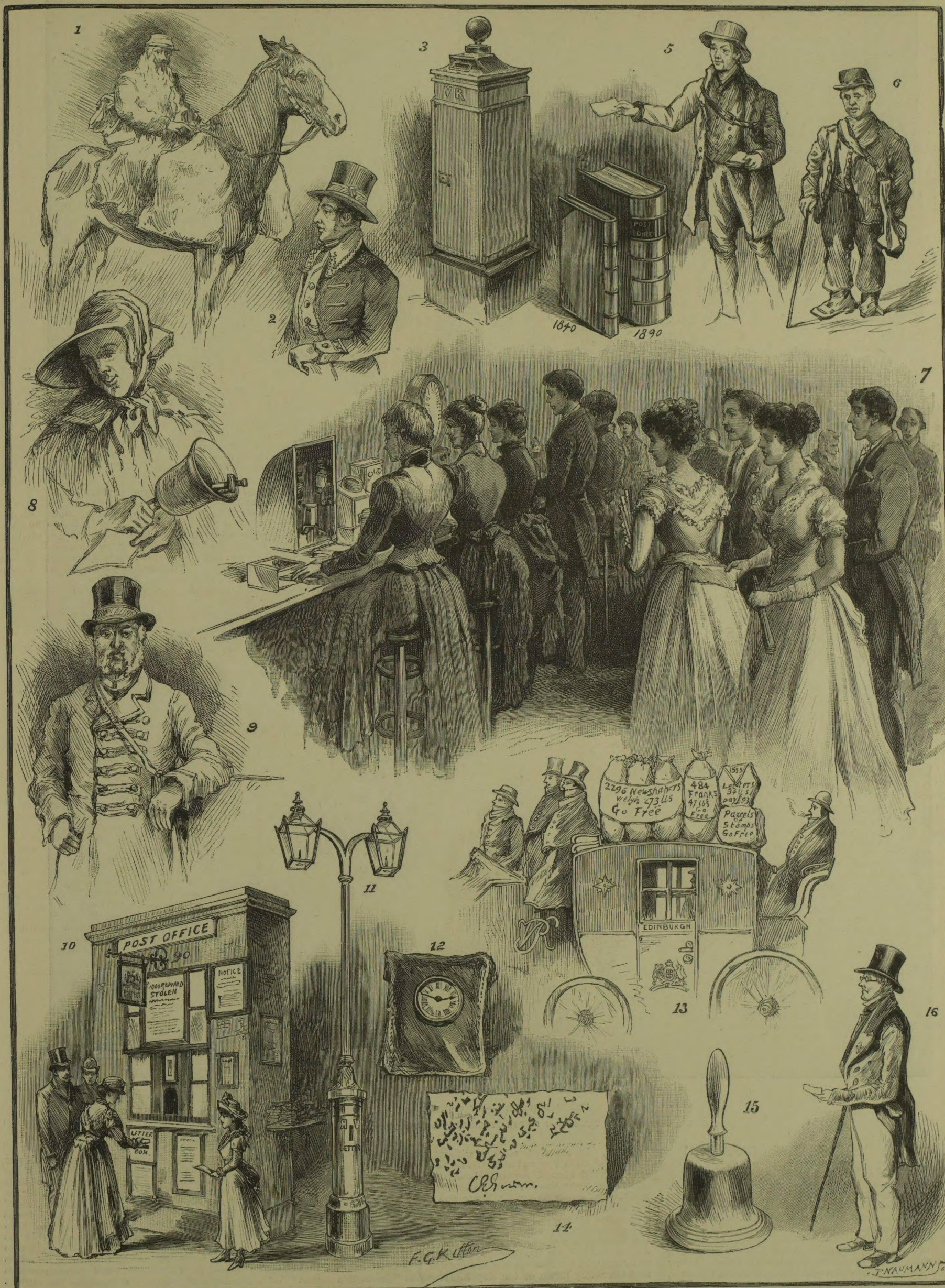
The Commons not unnaturally pined for a longer Whitsuntide recess, but may be consoled with the fact that the Derby Day will be within a measurable distance when they resume their more or less exacting deliberations. Mr. Smith and Mr. Akers Douglas will be especially glad of the rest, for the heat and burden of the day have fallen upon the Leader of the House and the chief Ministerial "whip" with particular force. While the Irish Home Rule members have persistently looked the gift-horse of land-purchase in the mouth, protesting that they will not accept the present at any price, the Compensation clause gratuitously introduced by Mr. Goschen into his Budget has proved the great *bête noire* of the Opposition. They have chased and chivied it till poor Mr. Ritchie has been driven to supplement his lucid speech with a long letter to the papers in justification of the Ministerial plan of granting a goodly sum from the extra duty on alcoholic liquors to County Councils, to serve as a fund for the compensation of publicans whose licenses it may be deemed advisable to withdraw. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, on the Fifteenth of May, slashed away at the Government proposal, and could not, as a teetotaler, see why a publican should be rewarded. "Put yourself in his place!" would be a fair rejoinder. Sir Wilfrid Lawson supported Mr. Caine's amendment, aimed at the destruction of the "compensation" clause; but the amendment was defeated by a majority of 71. Though the Local Taxation (Duties) Bill was then read the second time, the fight was not over. In Committee, Mr. Parnell and Mr. T. M. Healy took a lively part next day in the debate against the new impost. On the other hand, that genial Irishman Colonel Nolan eloquently pleaded that some grant should be made to the daughters of the late Sir William Palliser (the prepossessing appearance of the young ladies themselves in the Lobby advocated their cause); but the plea of the good-natured soldier was without avail.

The vexatious Compensation controversy brought about a revival of the good old custom of all-night sittings. In Committee on the Taxation Bill, on the Nineteenth of May, opposition to the measure proved so vigorous, Mr. Healy particularly distinguishing himself by his pointed objections, that some hon. members are said to have reached home "with the milk in the morning." This lively episode found a vivacious historian in Mr. Gladstone's lieutenant, Sir William Harcourt. Speaking the following evening at the Bermondsey Townhall, Sir William Harcourt racy recounted how the closure was defeated by four a.m. Government will have to lighten the ship.

A rich window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, has been erected in the church of Bedwas, in South Wales, in memory of the late Rector, the Rev. W. Williams.

A show of Jersey cattle, under the auspices of the Jersey Cattle Society, was held in Kempton Park on May 15, the entries amounting to 167 cows and heifers, forty-seven bulls, forty cows for butter tests, fifty entries of butter, and thirteen of cheese. Dr. Watney's Sherry and Mr. E. Carter's Finish, two beautiful cows, took gold medals.

Among the interesting relics of British Army history at the Royal Military Exhibition, which were represented in our illustrations last week, was the arm-sling worked by the Queen during the Crimean War, authenticated by her Majesty's autograph. This was presented by her Majesty to a wounded officer, Lieutenant J. R. Hume, of the 55th Regiment, now a Major-General, and highly distinguished in the service.



1. The late Robert Paton, a Mail-driver, as he appeared after the terrible Snowstorm of March 1, 1886.
2. A Manchester Postman in official livery, before the Penny Postage Reform.
3. The First Pillar Letter-box, 1855.
4. London Postal Directories, 1840-1890.
5. The only Postman at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1824.
6. Heber Dale (height 4 ft., age 51), the shortest man in the Postal Service, 1889.
7. The Lord Mayor's Guests Watching Telegraphic Operations at the Guildhall.
8. A Letter-woman, with Bell, 1768.
9. James Nobbs, the last of the Mail-guards, still in the service.
10. A Post Office of 1790.
11. Lamp-post, Letter-box, and Fire-alarm, combined.
12. Old Post Office Timepiece, in leather case. [Khartoum, June 22, 1884.
13. Analysis of the London to Edinburgh Mail, before the Penny Postage Reform.
14. Last Letter (in Arabic) received by post from the late Gen. Gordon; dated
15. Original Bell, used by the Bellmen who collected letters in the City in 1810.
16. John Brindley, the only Letter-carrier in Wolverhampton in 1834.

THE PENNY POSTAGE JUBILEE CELEBRATION AT GUILDHALL: EXHIBITION OF POST-OFFICE RELICS, AND PORTRAITS.



"SPICED WINE."—BY O. ERDMANN.

ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER, F. HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.

"A CENTURY OF PAINTERS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL."

Twenty-five years have passed since the useful work of Messrs. Richard and Samuel Redgrave was offered to the public, and in the interval English painting has undergone an almost complete transformation. A new edition is now published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. It touches but lightly upon those artists by whom the greatest changes have been brought about. The majority of them are still living, and concerning them and their work the authors are discreetly silent. A new chapter on the pre-Raphaelites—including Rossetti, Inchbold, and Collinson—gives Messrs. Redgrave an opportunity of alluding to one current of influence, but Fred. Walker, Geo. Mason, and Geo. Pinwell are dismissed with something like a perfunctory commendation of their work, and with little or no reference to the lasting trace they have left upon English art.

Under these circumstances it is more interesting to note in what prominent particulars the new edition, of Messrs. Redgrave's work differs from the original, and to gather therefrom the changes which have come over the authors' views. Nothing is, perhaps, more instructive than the alterations and suppressions in the history of the foundation of the Royal

Academy. In the first edition, without accepting all the opinions of John Pye and other free-spoken critics, Mr. Redgrave allowed himself very considerable latitude in showing up the very questionable proceedings by which George III. was entrapped into giving Mr. Moser and his friends special privileges. In those days Mr. Redgrave spoke as if he hoped and wished the original taint might be eradicated; but now he seems anxious to convey that everything is most correctly administered, in a most regularly constituted body. The public will be glad to share Mr. Redgrave's optimism; but there are, unfortunately, too many patent facts which lead to the belief that the ruling motto of the Royal Academy is "Quæta non moveat."

Another curious instance in the change of taste or opinion is the omission of allusion to William Blake's madness. It is now the fashion to exalt this dreamer's strange work to the level of genius, and it would, in certain art-circles, be considered the proof of downright philistinism to suggest that his ideas were grotesque, his drawing distorted, and his colour crude. Mr. Redgrave follows the fashion, and, in this respect, his work will be the more interesting—if not the more valuable—to future students.

The omission of the review of British art at the end of the

last century is a matter of small importance; but the chapter on the patronage of British art and the early history of the Water Colour Societies and British Institution are recast in a more historical form; while the totally new chapter on portrait painters shows what an importance that branch of art has attained in the last quarter of a century. The deaths of Webster, Poole, Lewis, and MacIse have allowed the introduction of their names into the survey of the history of the century, and, although we are unable to adopt the estimate which Mr. Redgrave forms of his old colleagues, we admit that he speaks of their work intelligently and without excessive bias. With pre-Raphaelite aims and methods the authors have but little sympathy, and apparently, from their spelling of Mr. Madox Brown's name, little acquaintance; but they are careful to protest against the desire to depreciate the merits of the exponents of this school.

As a brief survey of the history of British art from Hogarth to Frank Holl the book in its new form will be welcome to all who desire to make themselves acquainted with its principal exponents. Its chief charm is that it aims at and succeeds in giving an individual idea of each artist, touching upon some strong characteristic which brings the man as well as the painter before the mind's eye.

THE ENTRANCE.

IN CLUBLAND.

No. I.

The Carlton.

mallet at one end to play a wooden ball with, much used among gentlemen in Italy." Charles II. played daily, and there exists to this day an engraving wherein his Majesty and three gentlemen of the Court are presented with anxious countenances in the act of striking a ball through a ring at the top of a tall post.

Two hundred and fifty years ago the tract of land where now blooms the garden of St. James's Park was worse than a wilderness. It was a marsh, an offshoot of the little island on which Westminster Abbey was built. It was Charles II. who made St. James's Park, incidentally creating on its north side what was called the New-mall, now Pall-mall. On Sept. 16, 1660, Pepys, ever prowling around, went to the

stood where now St. James's-square rears its stately mansions. In those days it was quite a rural walk to the still unnamed Pall-mall, and the weary pedestrian would have to wait a long time at Charing-cross before a penny 'bus came up.

Shortly after Charles II. began to try and send wooden balls through iron rings in the alley at the north side of St. James's Park, houses began to grow up. One of the first residents in this now-famous street was Nell Gwynne, whose house stood close by that now numbered 79. Behind it was a garden, in which, on fine mornings, her ladyship might stroll down into St. James's Park. In Queen Anne's time the Duke of Marlborough lived here, and later on Bolingbroke, Gibbon, and Defoe. In 1662 a solemn Act of Parliament was passed for the pavement of Pall-mall. But for centuries later, certainly up to the time of George I., the surrounding neighbourhood was in a squalid condition. What is now St. James's-square, being in convenient contiguity, was used as a sort of dust-heap. Hither came all the rubbish of the parish of Westminster, the smell thereof, when the wind was in a favourable quarter, sweeping along Pall-mall. When George I. was King the people of Pall-mall and adjacent streets put their heads together and succeeded in obtaining authority to clear away the rubbish, form a Square, and plant trees.

As soon as Pall-mall was paved, and an enterprising citizen, precursor of gas engineers and electric lights, obtained the monopoly of hanging lanterns on moonless evenings over every tenth door (from Michaelmas to Lady Day), the thoroughfare began to blossom into Clubland. Pepys's club was Wood's. Wood's flourished before the Restoration, and does not seem to have prospered after. On July 5, 1665, Pepys writes: "From thence walked round to Whitehall, the Parke being quite locked up, and I observed a house shut up this day in the Pall-mall where heretofore, in Cromwell's time, we young men used to keep our weekly club." How closely, on broad lines, Pall-mall of to-day is like the Pall-mall of nearly two centuries ago appears in an extract Mr. Louis Fagan picks out from "Mackay's Journey Through England," published in 1714. Mackay, who from his name probably journeyed all the way

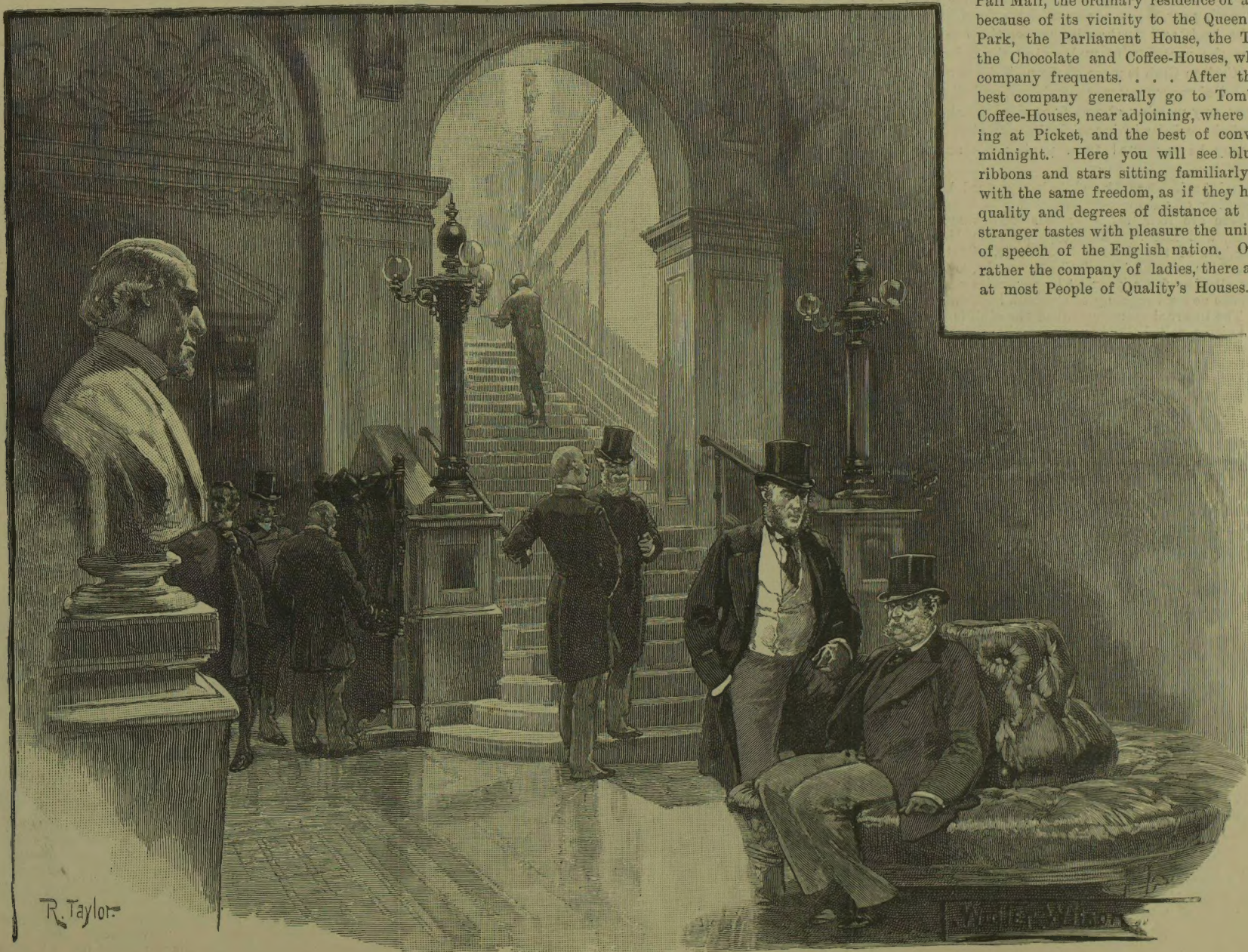
from Scotland, was "lodged in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all Strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the Theatres, and the Chocolate and Coffee-Houses, where the best company frequents. . . . After the plays the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's Coffee-Houses, near adjoining, where there is playing at Picket, and the best of conversation, till midnight. Here you will see blue and green ribbons and stars sitting familiarly, and talking with the same freedom, as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home; and a stranger tastes with pleasure the universal liberty of speech of the English nation. Or, if you like rather the company of ladies, there are assemblies at most People of Quality's Houses. And in all

ALL-MALL has always been the chosen home of London Clubland. Pepys used to frequent a club in this thoroughfare, then recently constructed by Charles II. for the purposes of the mysterious game that used to be played with mallets and balls. One of the closest

descriptions yet found of this presumably fascinating game is given by Florio in his Italian Dictionary, published in 1570. "*Paile Maile*, that is a sticke with a

park, "where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pel Mel, the first time that I ever saw the sport."

In his valuable work on the Reform Club, which still lacks a companion volume in respect of the Carlton, Mr. Louis Fagan publishes a charming picture of the site of Pall-mall as it existed in the year 1450. Major Pendennis, strolling along the shady side of his favourite thoroughfare, would never recognise it. It is, indeed, a grass field sloping away towards "the village of Charing"—now one of the most bustling places on the face of the earth. Looking south over meadows, swamp, and trees, is seen the Clock Tower in Palace Yard, Westminster Hall, the Abbey before the towers were erected, St. James's House, and a curious construction standing lonely in the field. This is the Stone Conduit, which



R. Taylor

THE HALL.

the Coffee-Houses you have not only the Foreign Prints, but several English ones with the Foreign Occurrences, besides Papers of Morality and Party-Disputes."

There is in the British Museum a print, by Thomas Bowles, showing a perspective view of Pall-mall as it appeared in 1741. It is taken from the west end, with St. James's Palace in the near distance. Since the Palace remains to this day as it was then, the picture has a strangely familiar look. Pall-mall is shown as the broad thoroughfare we all know so well, with a turning down to St. James's Park by Marlborough House, a mansion built in 1709 by Sir Christopher Wren for John, Duke of Marlborough. The house stands on the site of the old pheasantry of St. James's Palace. In an earlier century, by a coincidence striking in view of a recent benevolent enterprise on the part of the Prince of Wales, the site of Marlborough House adjoined the Leper Hospital of St. James. In the far distance is seen the tower of St. Martin's Church. But gone are the prancing horses dragging the swinging coach; gone the two men in broad hats and quaint coats carrying the sedan chair; gone the quaintly dressed soldiers relieving guard at St. James's Palace; and gone the ladies in hoops and feathers, who pass to and fro on this fine summer day when Thomas Bowles looked down Pall-mall. Only St. James's Palace is left, a precious heirloom from the past.

The decade from 1832 to 1842 saw a memorable change in Pall-mall. In 1832 the Reform Bill was passed, and, political life receiving a strong impulse, clubs were formed in the hostile camps, and by common consent Pall-mall was almost simultaneously selected as the site of the club-houses. The Carlton Club was founded in 1833, under the auspices of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel—a fact which lends a strange interest to a series of resolutions submitted to the club on May 10, 1856, for the expulsion of Peelite members on the ground that "their presence is injurious to the interests of the Conservative Party, and at variance with the principles upon which the club was established." The object of the Carlton was at the outset frankly stated to be opposition to Parliamentary reform. Members met first in a house in Charles-street, St. James's; in 1834 they removed to Lord Kensington's residence in Carlton-gardens. In 1836 Sir Robert Smirke built a house for them in Pall-mall. Ten years later it was found necessary to enlarge their borders, and in 1854 the old building was demolished, and in its place was reared the stately structure now the headquarters of the Conservative Party.

As at present constituted, the Carlton Club consists of 1140 members, exclusive of peers, heirs apparent to any peerage, and members of the House of Commons who are or who may be elected members of the club. The pecuniary terms of admission are, oddly enough, less onerous than those of the more democratic institution farther east. While admission to the Reform Club is £40, the entrance-fee to the Carlton is only £30. In both cases the annual subscription is ten guineas. Ordinary members are elected by ballot, two blackballs excluding; peers, heirs apparent to a peerage, and members of the House of Commons may be balloted for immediately. There is also a rule of the club whereby the committee may, on March 1 in each year, select ten candidates from among the names on the book, and forthwith promote them to membership without the necessity of undergoing the ordeal of the ballot. The Carlton Club is more generous in its arrangement for what are called supernumerary members than is the Reform. In the Carlton, any member absent from the United Kingdom during the whole period within which the annual subscription is payable may be exempted from paying his annual ten guineas.

The general business of the club is managed by a committee, consisting of thirty members and the trustees. Of these last there are four, all Marquises—Salisbury, Abergavenny, Exeter, and Bath. The Whips of both Houses are *ex officio* members of the General Committee. Of the thirty committeemen, ten go out by rotation annually, and are not capable of re-election for a year. The vacancies are filled up by ballot, at the general meeting of the club held on March 17 each year. The internal management of the club is entrusted to a sub-committee, called the house committee, consisting of nine members, three of whom retire annually in rotation. This small body, which practically manages the concerns of the club, at present consists of Mr. Brooke, Lord Crawford, Sir George Wombwell, Mr. Akers Douglas (the chief Conservative Whip), Mr. C. S. Mainwaring, Colonel Malcolm, M.P., Mr. Tollemache, M.P., Lord Zouche, and Mr. Denison. The important department of the wine selection is confided to General Bateson, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, and Sir Henry Edwardes. The library is cared for by Lord Crawford, Mr. Noel, and Mr. Brooke.

The Carlton differs from the Reform inasmuch as it is not a club at which a member may entertain a friend. The principle of its foundation is the absolute exclusiveness of a club. At the Reform, as at the Junior Carlton over the way, members may, in certain circumstances, lunch or dine their friends, making them practically free of all the conveniences of the club. But the Carlton does not permit the stranger within its gates.

Up to a very recent period the Athenæum also preserved this strict line of the exclusion of strangers at meal-time. But a year or two ago the committee passed a rule which it was thought carefully and jealously modified the injunction. It was agreed that a member might invite one single stranger to dinner—a modest arrangement, that seemed to preclude the possibility of the Athenæum being demoralised by the introduction of those cheerful dinner-parties in the strangers' room which are reported to form a popular episode in life at the Reform Club. But, while the committee proposed, the members disposed. It occurred to some ingenious member that, supposing he wanted to give a little dinner-party, say, of sixteen, the project, though apparently forbidden by the rules of the club, was not unattainable. Supposing he invited seven members of the club, with each member a stranger might take his seat at the board: *argal*, he might ask eight friends, not members of the club, seven members, who, with himself, would constitute the party of sixteen. This is now habitually done at the Athenæum, with happiest results both for honoured strangers and hospitable members.

The Artist of the *Illustrated London News* was, however, permitted to make the tour of the sacred edifice, and appears to have found resting in the hall Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff. He was fortunate, since, as all the world knows,

Sir Henry Wolff has given up to Persia what was meant for Pall-mall, and to-day takes his five-o'clock tea at Teheran. This was a loss not only to the Carlton Club but to London society, where Sir Henry has been for nearly a generation a familiar and welcome figure. In the House of Commons he came into prominence at the birth of the Fourth Party, of which he, rather than Lord Randolph Churchill, to whom the credit is more usually assigned, was the actual creator. It was Sir Henry Wolff who, happening in the early days of the Parliament of 1880 to be in his place at the corner bench below the gangway, stepped forward, prepared, if need were, physically to bar the passage of Mr. Bradlaugh towards the table whither he was bound intent upon making affirmation as a preliminary to taking his seat for Northampton. A great deal has happened since then, both to Sir Henry Wolff and Mr. Bradlaugh, each occupying a vastly different position from that he filled in the now far-off days of the Session of 1880.

On the staircase we meet Sir John Puleston, a welcome and familiar figure in the club, and a busy man at Westminster, the City, and in the constituencies. Sir John is, perhaps, not so frequent a visitor to the Lobby of the House of Commons as he used to be. But upon occasion he serves his party in the country, having played a prominent part in the recent election for Carnarvon.

Sir Albert Rollit, his chance companion, does not take a frequent part in debates in the Commons, which is a loss to the Legislature. But his work in Committees is invaluable, and his counsel greatly prized. When he does speak he has always something to say, and says it in pointed, polished style. During this Session Sir Albert has prominently come to the front in charge of the Bankruptcy Bill, which is generally understood to be a measure in which the Government take a friendly interest. Sir Albert is, indeed, connected with a new departure in Parliamentary business. The Bankruptcy Bill is not the only measure, being really a Government Bill, which has been left in his charge, thus relieving a Minister from a considerable amount of labour. At the same time, it is admirable training for the member for South Islington in that Ministerial office to which he is predestined.

The dining-room does not seem particularly full, and it seems a rare chance that the Artist should have found there

Mr. Edmund Yates, a late addition to the club, to which he was admitted by special honour paid to him by the committee. Here, too, are Lord Abergavenny and Lord Limerick, wondering what they shall order for dinner; and Colonel Sanderson, possibly contemplating a *salmi* of Irish Nationalists. In the House of Commons the Colonel has often done to a turn some of his countrymen on the benches immediately opposite. A fighting man every inch of him, he delights in flinging himself on the serried ranks of the Home Rule Party; and they are not less joyous in their reception of his brilliant and forcible attack. It has come to be one of the most highly prized episodes in a now too often dull Session when Colonel Sanderson, standing bolt upright at his corner seat below the gangway, girds at the Parnellites, slashing and prodding, often enough getting a smart blow in return, an accident that to him does not mar the joy of battle. Colonel Sanderson is in the House of Commons the ablest champion of the Irish landlord interest. He is always ready to speak in its behalf, and (what is not an inevitable corollary) the House is always willing to listen to him. In a very recent debate, discussing a Bill brought forward by a Nationalist Party for the benefit of the Irish labourers, Colonel Sanderson flashed forth the happy phrase, "I cannot help remembering that up to the present day, whenever English statesmen have wished to wipe the tear out of the Irish labourer's eye, they have always bought the handkerchief at the expense of the Irish landlord."

The main groups are gathered in the smoking-room and the library. The Artist has been fortunate in finding the Premier in the club on the day of his visit.

Lord Salisbury has little time now for visiting the Carlton—a necessary abstention regretted by some of the new comers. When a man is "put up" for either the Carlton or the Reform it is whispered that in many cases he is buoyed up with hope of hobnobbing with the leaders of his party. When the National Liberal Club was started with an imposing list of Liberal statesmen the prospectus proved immediately attractive. To look in at five o'clock and take a cup of tea with Lord Hartington; to lunch at half past one at the same table with Mr. Gladstone; and to dine in the evening seated between Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery seemed a prospect well worth the cost of joining the new club, especially when



THE CARLTON CLUB, PALL MALL.

the entrance-fee was suspended. These anticipations do not appear to have been completely fulfilled at the younger institution on the Embankment. But if there is any disappointment in that quarter it may be modified by the knowledge that the older, not to say the more "upish," institutions in Pall-mall are not more highly favoured by companionship with the leaders of party. Oddly enough, Mr. Gladstone is not even a member of the Reform Club. Only within the present year does the family name appear in the list of members, Mr. Henry Gladstone having just been elected by the committee under the rule which permits them to admit, without undergoing the ordeal of the ballot, gentlemen who have done the party some service. Lord Hartington is still a member of the Reform Club, but does not use it; nor is Sir W. Harcourt often seen there. The Carlton is, in respect of the daily attendance of the chiefs of the political party, a much more attractive and interesting place, even though it lacks the habitual presence of the Prime Minister, who has been a member since 1849. During a General Election, when every hour brings its announcement of the result of a hard-fought contest; or during a Ministerial crisis, when Governments are unmade and re-created, the Carlton becomes a busy hive. Men who have not been seen within its walls for years turn up, and the bustle in hall, on staircase, and in all the rooms is incessant. Everyone knows that everyone else will be there, and here will be found the latest rumour of who is to go to the Admiralty, who is to have the portfolio of the War Minister, who will be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and to whose lot will fall the crumbs of the Under-Secretaryships.

Mr. W. H. Smith is a pretty constant caller. It is one of the traditions of Clubland that the right hon. gentleman who so admirably leads the House of Commons came to the Carlton by accident. It is said that his earlier intention was to join the Reform; but in those days blackballing was in vogue, and Mr. Smith being "pilled" the Reform lost a useful and acceptable member, and the Carlton gained one. The story is probably not true, but it has wide currency.

There is gathered in the smoking-room a remarkably strong muster of her Majesty's Ministers—the Lord High Chancellor, lacking the added grace of his judicial robes; Sir M. Hicks-Beach, in better health than he has been for some time, as everyone is glad to know; Mr. Raikes, wishing Mr. Henniker Heaton's peregrinations had been prolonged through the coming Session; Lord Cranbrook, glad that Mr. Chaplin has now to answer for cattle plague regulations; Mr. Chaplin, wishing that the muzzling of dogs were not an added duty; Mr. Ritchie, better of his influenza and hopeful for Local Government; Mr. Stanhope, full of his projects for barrack extension; Sir William Dyke, not quite sure which is the more wearisome task, to be Whip or Minister of Education; the Attorney-General, soothed by the knowledge that there will be no Parnell Commission this year; Lord Cross, with that air of supreme wisdom which is in itself a liberal endowment; Mr. Stuart Wortley, still in office; Sir John Gorst, always ready, alert, and capable; Sir Edward Clarke, one of the few lawyers whom the House welcomes in debate; the Duke of Rutland, looking younger than ever; the Home Secretary, wondering what accidental circumstance beyond his control will turn up for his perturbation in the coming Session; Baron De Worms, who, reminiscent of Queen Mary and the loss of Calais, is accredited with the remark that when he dies "Sugar Bounty" will be found stamped on his heart; Mr. David Plunket, who preserves in the modern House of Commons the best traditions of Irish culture, chivalry, and wit; Lord George Hamilton, manager of the "Queen's Navee"; Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, late home from inspecting her Majesty's fleet and citadels in the Mediterranean; Mr. Arthur Balfour, the risen and still rising hope of modern Conservatism; and Mr. Akers Douglas, in whom opinion on both sides of the House recognises one of the best Whips of modern times.

Lord Lewisham, usually to be found among the crowd here, sits for the borough which bears his name, and of which his father, the Earl of Dartmouth, is Lord of the Manor. His Lordship is Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, an honorary position to which he adds important labours in the House of Commons, serving under Mr. Akers Douglas in the office of Whip. Every night when the House is sitting Lord Lewisham "makes a book." He may be seen in the very act, bustling about with lead-pencil in his mouth, and book in hand. It is, however, not a book in the sense recognised at Newmarket or Epsom. He does not offer odds on the field, or mention a favourite's name. The phrase he addresses without variation to members of the Conservative Party as he comes across them is, "Are you dining here to-night?" It seems a trivial, almost an inconsequential, question, but the amount of fervour the Vice-Chamberlain throws into it, more especially when a catch division in the



THE STAIRCASE,
CARLTON CLUB.



THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

dinner hour is on the cards, passes power of description. If a member agrees to dine, Lord Lewisham jots his name down in his book, and goes on his way rejoicing. It is one of the unwritten laws of the House of Commons that the Whip shall go about his business in the Lobby without his hat. Mr. Jacoby had made a note of this fact and the first intimation some of his own party had of his Whipship was seeing him walking about the Lobby with a preoccupied air and no hat on. Lord Lewisham never wears his hat when on duty in the Lobby. But his originality and his strong individuality of character are shown by the additional fact that as soon as the Speaker takes the chair he turns up his trousers over his boots and keeps them so till the House adjourns.

Lord St. Oswald is here resting on his laurels. Through many Sessions of the Parliament of 1880 he heard the chimes at midnight (and long after) with Sir William Dyke. He was then second Whip, but has somehow advanced beyond his chief, reaching the Peerage, while Sir William is but a Privy Councillor. Lord St. Oswald, as Mr. Rowland Winn, added a certain solemnity to the declaration of the figures of a division which for a while the House missed. Mr. Akers Douglas has in unusual measure secured the confidence of his party and the esteem of his fellow-members on both sides of the House. He is always at the post of duty; always courteous, ready, and capable. He is, moreover, ably supported by his lieutenants. But the Conservative Party in its hour of triumph lacks a certain solemn, almost mysterious, gravity with which Mr. Rowland Winn used to suffuse its periods of successive defeat. As through the Parliament of 1880 he came up night after night, shoulder to shoulder with Sir William Dyke, to listen to the figures read out by the Liberal Whip, announcing a fresh repulse of the Conservative attack, there was in his upright figure and his strong visage a sort of tombstone solemnity suitable to the occasion, and, withal, there was a far-away look in his eyes that spoke of the tide some time turning and victory cleaving to the Conservative banner. When, on a memorable early morning in June 1885, Mr. Gladstone's Government having been defeated on Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's amendment to the Budget, Mr. Rowland Winn accompanied Sir William Dyke to the table to announce the momentous division, he alone, amid the excited throng of the Opposition, maintained a calm demeanour. That division sealed the patent of his peerage, and after announcing

COLONEL SAUNDERSON.

MARQUIS OF ABERGAVENNY.

EARL OF LIMERICK.

MR. EDMUND YATES.



THE DINING-ROOM, CARLTON CLUB.

the figures he practically disappeared from the House of Commons, and is only sometimes seen at the Carlton.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who, standing on a bench below the gangway wildly waving his hat, was also a prominent figure, in that memorable historical scene, shows among the throng in the smoking-room at the Carlton. He is not there now so often as he used to be, more especially in the crisis of 1885; nor is his noble brother the Duke a more frequent attendant. Sir Rainald Knightley, whose tall figure towers amid the throng, is one of a type of member unhappily growing rare in the House of Commons. For nearly sixty years there has been a Knightley member for Northamptonshire. In 1834 Sir Charles, the second Baronet, took his seat and held it till 1852. In that year his son succeeded him, and to this day, amid all the chances and changes of the political world, Sir Rainald has represented the Southern Division of the county. He does not often speak, but when he rises the House regards him with kindly interest, and listens to him with pleasure.

Here among the crowd are Mr. James Maclean, member for Oldham, one of the principal authorities in the House of Commons on all that relates to India, a man who has discovered the long-hidden secret of being able to talk about India without emptying the House; Mr. Addison, joviallest of Q.C.s, and member for Ashton-under-Lyne; Sir Robert Fowler, twice Lord Mayor of London, author of "A Tour in Japan, China, and India," enjoying a personal popularity that extends from Cornhill to Westminster; Mr. James Lowther, with an added gravity in his look—a certain unmistakably judicial tone in his bearing—since he sat *in banco* to decide a famous suit arising in the sporting world; Lord Dunraven, a rare visitor; Colonel Howard Vincent, out of uniform; Lord Magheramorne, whom the bewildered footman, recognising an old acquaintance, and knowing that by favour of the Queen he had changed his estate, but unable to pronounce the title, once announced to an assembled dinner-party as "the late Sir James McGarel Hogg"; Sir Walter Barttelot, highest type of the Conservative county member; Lord Charles Beresford, temporarily home from sea; Mr. Louis Jennings, who in Committee of Supply has done more substantial public service than any member of his year; and Sir Algernon Borthwick, who last Session earned the gratitude of the profession he adorns by carrying a Libel Bill through difficulties overcome only by consummate skill and undying perseverance.

Mr. George Curzon has come home in time to have his portrait included in the throng in the smoking-room. His latest journey was to Persia, where he saw the Shah, and probed the profoundest problems of Eastern politics. Mr. Curzon has written a book on his travels, which forms a valuable contribution to the scanty library that deals in political problems in this part of the world. As a speaker he has made his mark in the House of Commons less as the champion than as the judicious reformer of the Upper House, which in the course of nature he will some day adorn. While Mr. Labouchere has tilted at the House of Lords, and would upset it, Mr. Curzon has admitted that it is not a perfect institution, and has boldly ventured to suggest ways by which it may be improved.

At the back of the group, behind Lord Salisbury, close to where the pensive figure of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett attracts the eye, stands Sir John Mowbray. Sir John is growing into the position of one of the oldest members of the House of Commons. Born in the Waterloo year, he entered the House thirty-seven years ago, sitting for Durham till Mr. Gladstone's time of triumph came, in the winter of 1868, when he found a safer haven at the University of Oxford. Sir John Mowbray is one of the most respected members of the House, and the marvel is that he should at this day remain on a back bench. But in times forgotten by the present generation he sat on the Treasury bench, being Judge Advocate-General in the brief Ministry

Mowbray retired to the back bench, where he sits to this day.

It is doubtful whether the Carlton Club is quite so potent a political influence as it used to be twenty, or even a dozen, years ago. The birth of Conservative Associations and Central Liberal Associations has to a large extent superseded that controlling influence which the two great political clubs once exercised at election times. There is still talk about the Carlton sending down a candidate to a certain borough or county, and of the Carlton providing more or less fabulous sums of money to carry on election contests. But this work has largely been transferred to party managers and organisations in connection with the political associations, and the Carlton Club is drifting more completely into the character of a social institution where men foregather with the certainty that they will meet agreeable acquaintances, get a decent dinner, and find desirable wine.

Nevertheless the club stands as the traditional embodiment of all that is historic and influential in the Constitutional Party, and admission within its jealously guarded portals is the unassailable mark of a good Conservative.—HENRY W. LUCY.



THE KITCHEN.

of Lord Derby which interposed between Lord Palmerston's Administration of 1855 and his longer and last reign, commencing in 1859. When Lord Derby came back to power, in 1866, he reinstated Sir John Mowbray once more in the office of Judge Advocate-General. But there seemed a fatality about the arrangement, this Ministry lasting only a few months longer than that of 1858. When the Liberal reaction came, in 1868, Sir John

THE LAVATORY.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"Now, my lovely lady," he said, grinning, "you have had your innings, and I am going to have mine."

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

PART II.—CHAPTER XXI.

ALL LOST BUT—

MR. ALEC FEILDING paced the thick carpet of his studio with a restless step and an unquiet mind. Never before had he faced a more gloomy outlook. Black clouds, storm and rain, everywhere. Bad, indeed, is it for the honest tradesman when there is no money left, and no credit. But a man can always begin the world again if he has a trade. The devil of it is when a man has no trade at all, except that of lying and cheating in the abstract. Many men, it is true, combine cheatery and falsehood with their trade. Few are so unfortunate as to have no trade on which to base their frauds and adulterations.

Everything threatened, and all at once. Nay, it seemed as if everything was actually taken from him, and all at once. Not something here, which might be repaired, and something there, a little later on, but all at once—everything. Nothing at all left. Even his furniture and his books might be seized. He would be stripped of his house, his journal, his name, his credit, his position—even his genius! Therefore his face—that face which Armorel found so wooden—was now full of expression, but of the terror-stricken, hunted kind: that of the man who has been found out and is going to be exposed.

On the table lay three or four letters. They had arrived that morning. He took them up and read them one after the other. It was line upon line, blow upon blow.

The first was from Roland Lee.

"I see no object," he said, "in granting you the interview which you propose. There is not really anything that requires discussion. As to our interests being identical, as you say—if they have been so hitherto they will remain so no longer. As to the market price of the pictures, which you claim to have raised by your judicious management, I am satisfied to see my work rise to its own level by its own worth. As to your threat that the influence which has been exerted for an artist may be also exerted against him—you will do what you please. Your last demand, for gratitude, needs no reply. I start again, exactly where I was when you found me. I am still as poor and as little known. The half-dozen pictures which you have sold as your own will not help me in any way. Your assertion that I am about to reap the harvest of your labours is absurd. I begin the world over again. The last picture—the one now in your studio—you will be good enough not to exhibit"—"Won't I, though?" asked the owner—"at the penalty of certain inconveniences which you will learn immediately. I have torn up and burned your cheque."—"So much the better for me," said the purchaser—"You say that

you will not let me go without a personal interview. If you insist upon one, you must have it. You will find me here any morning. But, as you can only want an interview in the hope of renewing the old arrangement, I am bound to warn you that it is hopeless and impossible, and to beg that you will not trouble yourself to come here at all. Understand that no earthly consideration will induce me to bear any further share in the deception in which I have been too long a confederate. The guilty knowledge of the past should separate us as wide apart as the poles. To see you will be to revive a guilty memory. Since we must meet, perhaps, from time to time, let us meet as a pair of criminals who avoid each other's conversation for fear of stirring up the noisome past. What has been resolved upon, so far as I—and another—are concerned, Miss Armorel Rosevean has undertaken to inform you.—R. L."

"Deception! Criminals!" I suppose there is no depth of wickedness into which men may not descend, step by step, getting daily deeper in the mire of falsehood and crime, yet walking always with head erect, and meeting the world with the front of rectitude. Had anyone told Mr. Alec Feilding, years before, what he would do in the future, he would have kicked that foul and obscene prophet. Well: he had done these things, and deliberately: he had posed before the world as painter, poet, and writer of fiction. As time went on, and the world accepted his pretensions, they became a part of himself. Nay: he even excused himself. Everybody does the same thing: or, just the same, everybody would do it, given the chance: it is a world of pretension, make-believe, and seeming. Besides, he was no highwayman, he bought the things: he paid for them; they were his property. And yet—"Deception! Criminals!" The words astonished and pained him.

And the base ingratitude of the man. He was starving: no one would buy his things: nobody knew his work, when he stepped in. Then, by dexterity in the art of Puff, which the moderns call *réclame*—he actually believed this, being so ignorant of Art—he had forced these pictures into notice: he had run up their price, until for that picture on the easel he had been offered, and had taken, £450! Ungrateful!

"Deception! Criminals!"

Why, the man had actually received a cheque for £300 for that very picture. What more could he want or expect? True, he had refused to cash the cheque. More fool he!

And now he was going absolutely to withdraw from the partnership, and work for himself. Well—poor devil! He would starve!

He stood in front of the picture and looked at it mournfully. The beautiful thing—far more beautiful than any he had exhibited before. It cut him to the heart to think—not

that he had been such a fraud, but—that he could have no more from the same source. His career was cut short at the outset, his ambitions blasted, by this unlucky accident. Yet a year or two and the Academy would have made him an Associate: a few more years and he would have become R.A. Perhaps, in the end, President. And now it was all over. No Royal Academy for him, unless—a thing almost desperate—he could find some other Roland Lee—some genius as poor, as reckless of himself. And it might be years—years—before he could find such a one. Meantime, what was he to show? What was he to say? "Deception! Criminals!" Confound the fellow! The words banged about his head and boxed his ears.

The second letter was from Effie—the girl to whom he had paid such vast sums of money, whom he had surrounded with luxuries—on whom he had bestowed the precious gift of his personal friendship. This girl also wrote without the least sense of gratitude. She said, in fact, writing straight to the point. "I beg to inform you that I shall not, in future, be able to continue those contributions to your paper which you have thought fit to publish in two volumes with your own name attached. I have submitted my original manuscript of those verses to a friend who has compared them with your published volume, and has ascertained that there is not the alteration of a single word. So that your pretence of having altered and improved them, until they became your own, is absurd. My brother begs me to add, that your statement made before all the people at the reading was false. You made no suggestions. You offered no advice. You said that the play was worthless. My brother has made no alterations. You offered to give him fifty pounds for the whole rights in the play, with the right of bringing it out under your own name. This offer he refuses absolutely."

"I sincerely wish I could restore the money you have given me. I now understand that it was the price of my silence—the Wages of Sin."

"E. W."

No more verses from that quarter. Poets, however, there are in plenty, writers of glib and flowing rhymes. To be sure, they are as a race consumed by vanity, and want to have their absurd names stuck to everything they do. Very well, henceforth, he would have anonymous verses, and engage a small army of poets. The letter moved him little, except that it came by the same post as the other. It proved, taken with the evening of the play, concerted action. As for comparing the girl's manuscript verses with the volume, how was she to prove that the manuscript verses were not copied out of the volume?

Then there was a third letter, a very angry letter, from Lady Frances, his storyteller.

"I learn," she said, "that you have chosen me as the fittest person upon whom to practise your deceptions. You assured me that you were engaged to Miss Armored Rosevean. I learn from the young lady herself that this is entirely false: you did offer yourself, it is true, a week after you had assured me of the engagement. You were promptly and decidedly refused. And you had no reason whatever for believing that you would be accepted."

"I should like you to consider that you owe your introduction into society to me. You also owe me whatever name you have acquired as a storyteller. Every one of the society stories told in your paper has been communicated to you by me. And this is the way in which you repay my kindness to you."

"Under the circumstances, I think you cannot complain if I request that in future we cease to meet even as acquaintances. Of course, my contributions to your paper will be discontinued. And if you venture to state anywhere that they are your own work, I will publicly contradict the statement."

"F. H."

He stood irresolute. What was to be done? For the moment he could think of nothing. "It is that cursed girl!" he cried. "Why did she ever come here? By what unlucky accident did she meet these two—Roland Lee and Effie? Why was I such a fool as to ask Lady Frances to call upon her? Why did I send Zoe to her? It is all folly together. If it had not been for her we should have been all going on as before. I am certain we should—and going on comfortably. I should have made Roland's fortune as well as my own name—and his hand was getting stronger and better every day. And I should have kept that girl in comfort, and made a very pretty little name for myself that way. She was improving, too—a bright and clever girl—a real treasure in proper hands. And I had the boy as well, or should have had. Good Heavens! what losses! What a splendid possession to have destroyed! No man ever before had such a chance—to say nothing of Lady Frances!" It was maddening. We use the word lightly, and for small cause. But it really was maddening. "What will they say? What are they going to do? What can they say? If it comes to a question of affirmation I can swear as well as anyone, I suppose. If Roland pretends that he painted my pictures—if Effie says she wrote my poems—how will they prove it? What can they do?"

"But things stick. If it is whispered about that there will be no more pictures and no more poems—oh! it is the hardest luck."

One more letter reached him by that morning's post:—

"Dearest Alce,—I have left Armored, and am no longer a Companion. The gilt could not disguise the pill. I have, however, a communication to make of a more comfortable character than this. It is true that I am like a housemaid out of a situation. But I think you will change the natural irritation caused by this announcement for a more joyful countenance when you see me. I shall arrive with my communication about noon to-morrow. Be at home, and be alone,—Your affectionate

"Zoe."

What had she got to say? At the present crisis what could it matter what she had to say? If she had only got that money out of Armored, or succeeded in making the girl his servant. But she could not do the only really useful thing he ever asked of her.

He laid down the letter on the table, beside one from his printers—three days old. In this communication the printers pointed out that his account was very large; that no satisfactory arrangement had been proposed; that they were going to discontinue printing his paper unless something practical was effected; and that they hoped to hear from him without delay.

There was a knock at the door: the discreet man-servant brought a card, with the silence and confidential manner of one who announces a secret emissary—say a hired assassin.

The visitor was Mr. Jagenal. He came in friendly and expressive.

"My dear boy!" he said with a warm grasp. "Always at work—always at work?"

Alce dexterously swept the letters into an open drawer. "Always at work," he said. "But I must be hard pressed when I cannot give you five minutes. What is it?"

"I will come to the point at once. You know Mrs. Elstree very well, I believe?"

"Very well indeed—I knew her before her father's failure. Before her marriage."

"Quite so. Then what do you make of this?" He handed over a note, which the other man read: "Dear Sir,—Unexpected circumstances have made it necessary for me to give up my charge of Armored Rosevean at once. I have not even been able to wait a single day. I have been compelled to leave her without even wishing her farewell.—Very truly yours, Zoe Elstree."

"It is very odd," he said truthfully. "I know nothing of these circumstances. I cannot tell you why she has resigned."

"Oh! I thought I would ask you! Well, she has actually gone: she has vanished: she has left the girl quite alone. This is all very irregular, isn't it? Not quite what one expects of a lady, is it?"

"Very irregular indeed. Well, I am responsible for her introduction to you, and I will find out, if I can, what it means. She is coming here to-day, she writes: no doubt to give me her reasons. What will Miss Rosevean do?"

"Oh! she is an independent girl. She tells me that she has found a young lady about her own age, and they are going to live together. Alce, I don't quite understand why you thought Mrs. Elstree so likely a person for companion. Philippa tells me that she has no friends, and we appointed her because we thought she had so many."

"Pleasing—attractive—accomplished—what more did you want? And as for friends, she must have had plenty."

"But it seems she had none. Nobody has ever called upon her. And she never went into any society. Are you sure that you were not misled about her, my dear boy? I have heard, for instance, rumours about her and the provincial stage."

"Oh! rumours are nothing. I don't think I could have been mistaken in her. However, she has gone. I will find out why. As for Armored Rosevean—"

"Alce—what a splendid girl! Was there no chance there for you? Are you so critical that even Armored is not good enough for you?"

"Not my style," he said shortly. "Never mind the girl."

"Well—there is one more thing, Alce—and a more pleasant subject—about yourself. I want to ask you one or two questions—family questions."

"I thought you knew all about my family."

"So I do, pretty well. However—this is really important—most important. I wouldn't waste your time if it was not important. Do you remember your great-aunt Eleanor Fletcher?"

"Very well. She left all her money to charities—Cat!"

"And your grandmother, Mrs. Needham?"

"Quite well. What is in the wind now? Has Aunt Eleanor been proved to have made a later will in my favour?"

"You will find out in a day or two. Eh! Alce, you are a lucky dog. Painter—poet—nothing in which you do not command success. And now—now—"

"Now—what?"

"That I will tell you, my dear boy, in two or three days. There's many a slip, we know, but this time the cup will reach your lips."

"What do you mean?" cried the young man, startled. "Cup? Do you mean to tell me that you have something—something unexpected—coming to me? Something considerable?"

"If it comes—Oh! yes, it is quite certain to come—very considerable. You are your mother's only son, and she was an only child, and her grandfather was one Robert Fletcher, wasn't he?"

"I believe he was. There's a family Bible on the shelves that can tell us."

"Did you ever hear anything about the early life and adventures of this Robert Fletcher?"

"No: he was in the City, I believe, and he left a good large fortune. That is all."

"That is all. That is all. Well, my dear boy, the strangest things happen: we must never be surprised at anything. But be prepared to-morrow—or next day—or the day after—to be agreeably—most agreeably—surprised."

"To the tune of—what? A thousand pounds, say?"

"Perhaps. It may amount very nearly to as much—very nearly—Ha! ha!—to nearly as much as that, I dare say—Ho! ho! He chuckled, and wagged his white head. "Very nearly a thousand pounds, I dare say." He walked over to look at the picture.

"Really, Alce," he said, "you deserve all the luck you get. Nobody can possibly grudge it to you. This picture is charming. I don't know when I have seen a sweeter thing. You have the finest feeling for rock and seashore and water. Well, my dear boy, I am very sorry that you haven't as fine a feeling for Armored Rosevean—the sweetest girl and the best, I believe, in the world. Good-bye!—good-bye! till the day after to-morrow—the day after to-morrow! It will certainly reach to a thousand—or very near. Ho! ho! Lucky dog!"

Mr. Jagenal went away nodding and smiling. There are moments when it is very good to be a solicitor: they are moments rich in blessing: they compensate, in some measure, for those other moments when the guilty are brought to bay and the thriftless are made to tremble: they are the moments when the solicitor announces a windfall—the return of the long-lost Nabob—the discovery of a will—the favourable decision of the Court.

Alce sat down and seized a pen. He wrote hurriedly to his printers: "Let the present arrangements," he said, "continue unchanged. I shall be in a position in two or three days to make a very considerable payment, and, after that, we will start on a more regular understanding."

Another knock, and again the discreet man-servant came in on tiptoe. "Lady refused her card," he whispered.

The lady was none other than Armored herself—in morning dress, wearing a hat.

He bowed coldly. There was a light in her eyes, and a heightened colour on her cheek, which hardly looked like a friendly call. But that, of course, one could not expect.

"After our recent interview," he said, "and after the very remarkable string of accusations which fell from your lips, I could hardly expect to see you in my studio, Miss Rosevean."

"I came only to communicate a resolution arrived at by my friends Mr. Roland Lee and Miss Effie Wilmot."

"From your friends Mr. Roland Lee and Miss Effie Wilmot? May I offer you a chair?"

"Thank you. No. My message is only to tell you this. They have resolved to let the past remain unknown."

"To let the past remain unknown." He tried to appear careless, but the girl watched the sudden light of satisfaction in his eyes and the sudden expression of relief in his face.

"The past remain unknown," he repeated. "Yes—certainly. Am I—may I ask—interested in this decision?"

"That you know best, Mr. Feilding. It seems hardly necessary to try to carry it off with me—I know everything. But—as you please. They agree that they have been themselves deeply to blame: they cannot acquit themselves. Certainly it is a pitiful thing for an artist to own that he has sold his name and fame in a moment of despair."

"It would be indeed a pitiful thing if it were ever done."

"Nothing more, therefore, will be said by either of them as to the pictures or poems."

"Indeed? From what you have already told me: from the gracious freedom of your utterances at the National Gallery, I seem to connect those two names with the charges you then brought. They refuse to bring forward, or to endorse, those charges, then? Do you withdraw them?"

"They do not refuse to bring forward the charges. They have never made those charges. I made them, and I, Mr. Feilding—she raised her voice a little—"I do not withdraw them."

"Oh! you do not withdraw them. May I ask what your word in the matter is worth unsupported by their evidence—even if their evidence were worth anything?"

"You shall hear what my word is worth. This picture"—she placed herself before it—"is painted by Mr. Roland Lee. Perhaps he will not say so. Oh! It is a beautiful picture—it is quite the best he has ever painted—yet. It is a true picture: you cannot understand either its beauty or its truth. You have never been to the place: you do not even know where it is: why, Sir—it is my birthplace. I lived there until I was sixteen years of age: it is a scene taken in the Scilly archipelago."

He started. "You do not even know the girl who stands in the foreground—your own model. Why—it is my portrait—mine—look at me, Sir—it is my portrait. Now you know what my word is worth. I have only to stand before this picture and tell the world that this is my portrait."

He started and changed colour. This was unexpected. If the girl was to go on talking in this way outside, it would be difficult to reply. What was he to say if the words were reported to him? Because, you see, once pointed out, there could be no doubt at all about the portrait.

"A portrait of myself," she repeated.

"Permit me to observe," he said, with some assumption of dignity, "that you will find it very difficult to prove these statements—most difficult—and at the same time highly dangerous, because libellous."

"No, not dangerous, Mr. Feilding. Would you dare to go into a Court of Justice and swear that these pictures are yours? When did you go to Scilly? Where did you stay? Under what circumstances did you have me for a model? On what island did you find this view?"

He was silent.

"Will you dare to paint anything—the merest sketch—to show that this picture is in your own style? You cannot."

"Anyone," he said, "may bring charges—the most reckless charges. But I think you would hardly dare."

"I will do this, then. If you dare to exhibit this picture as your own, I will, most assuredly, take all my friends and

stand in front of it, and tell them when and where it was painted, and by whom, and show them my own portrait."

The resolution of this threat quelled him. "I have no intention," he said, "of exhibiting this picture. It is sold to an American, and will go to New York immediately. Next year, perhaps, I may take up your challenge."

She laughed scornfully. "I promised Roland," she said, "that you should not show this picture. That is settled, then. You shall not, you dare not."

She left the picture reluctantly. It was dreadful to her to think that it must go, with his name upon it.

On a side-table lay, among a pile of books, the dainty white-and-gold volume of poems bearing the name of this great genius. She took it up, and laughed.

"Oh!" she said. "Was there ever greater impudence? Every line in this volume was written by Effie Wilmot—every line!"

"Indeed? Who says so?"

"I say so. I have compared the manuscript with the volume. There is not the difference of a word."

"If Miss Effie Wilmot, for purposes of her own, and for base purposes of deception, has copied out my verses in her own handwriting, probably a wonderful agreement may be found."

"Shame!" cried Armored.

"You see the force of that remark. It is a great shame. Some girls take to lying naturally. Others acquire proficiency in the art. Effie, I suppose, took to it naturally. I am sorry for Effie. I used to think better of her."

"Oh! He tries, even now! How can you pretend—you—to have written this sweet and dainty verse? Oh! You dare to put your signature to these poems!"

"Of course," said the divine Maker, with brazen front and calmly dignified speech, "if these things are said in public or outside the studio, I shall be compelled to bring an action for libel. I have warned you already. Before repeating what you have said here you had better make quite sure that you can prove your words. Ask Miss Effie Wilmot what proofs she has of her assertion, if it is hers, and not an invention of your own!"

Armored threw down the volume. "Poor Effie!" she said. "She has been robbed of the first-fruits of her genius. How dare you talk of proofs?" She took up the current number of the journal. "That is not all," she said. "Look here! This is one of your stories, is it not? I read in a paper yesterday that no Frenchman ever had so light a touch: that there are no modern stories anywhere so artistic in treatment and in construction as your own—your own—your very own, Mr. Feilding. Yet they are written for you, every one of them: they are written by Lady Frances Hollington. You are a Triple Impostor. I believe that you really are the very greatest Pretender—the most gigantic Pretender in the whole world."

"Of course," he went on, a little abashed by her impetuosity. "I cannot stop your tongue. You may say what you please."

"We shall say nothing more. That is what I came to say on behalf of my friends. I wished to spare them the pain of farther communication with you."

"Kind and thoughtful!"

"I have one more question to ask you, Mr. Feilding. Pray, why did you tell people that I was engaged to you?"

"Probably," he replied, unabashed, "because I wished it to be believed."

"Why did you wish it to be believed?"

"Probably for private reasons."

"It was a vile and horrible falsehood!"

"Come, Miss Rosevean, we will not call each other names. Otherwise I might ask you what the world calls a girl who encourages a man to dangle after her for weeks, till everybody talks about her, and then throws him over."

"Oh! You cannot mean"—Before those flashing eyes his own dropped.

"I mean that this is exactly what you have done," he said, but without looking up.

"Is it possible that a man can be so base? What encouragement did I ever give you?"

"You surely are not going to deny the thing, after all. Why, it has been patent for all the world to see you. I have been with you everywhere, in all public places. What hint did you ever give me that my addresses were disagreeable to you?"

"How can one reply to such insinuations?" asked Armored, with flaming face. "And so you followed me about in order to be able to say that I encouraged you! What a man! What a man! You have taught me to understand, now, why one man may sometimes take a stick and beat another. If I were a man, at this moment, I would beat you with a stick. No other treatment is fit for such a man. I to encourage you!—when for a month and more I have known what an Impostor and Pretender you are! You dare to say that I have encouraged you!—you—the robber of other men's name and fame!"

"Well, if you come to that, I do dare to say as much. Come, Miss Armored Rosevean. I certainly do dare to say as much."

She turned with a gesture of impatience.

"I have said what I came to say. I will go."

"Stop a moment!" said Alce Feilding. "Is it not rather a bold proceeding for a beautiful girl like you, a day or two after you have refused a man, to visit him alone at his studio? Is it altogether the way to let the world distinctly understand that there never has been anything between us, and that it is all over?"

"I am less afraid of the world than you think. My world is my very little circle of friends. I am very much afraid of what they think. But it is on their account, and with their knowledge, that I am here."

"Alone and unprotected?"

"Alone, it is true. I can always protect myself."

"Indeed!" He turned an ugly—villainous—face towards her. "We shall see! You come here with your charges and your fine phrases. We shall see!"

He had been standing all this time before his study table. He now stepped quickly to the door. The key was in the lock. He turned it, drew it out, and dropped it in his pocket.

"Now, my lovely lady," he said, grinning, "you have had your innings, and I am going to have mine. You have come to this studio in order to have a row with me. You have had that row. You can use your tongue in a manner that does credit to your early education. As for your nonsense about Roland Lee and Effie and Lady Frances, no one is going to believe that stuff, you know. As for your question, I did tell Lady Frances that you were engaged to me. And I told others. Because, of course, you were—or ought to have been. It was only by some kind of accident that I did not speak before. As I intended to speak the next day, I anticipated the thing by twelve hours or so. What of that? Well, I shall now have to explain that you seem not to know your own mind. It will be awkward for you—not for me. You have thrown me over. And all you have got to say in explanation is a long rignarole of abuse. This not my own painting? These not my own poems? These, again, not my own stories? Really, Miss Armored Rosevean,

you know so very little of the world—you are so inexperienced—you are so easily imposed upon—that I am inclined to pity rather than to blame you. Of course, you have tried to do me harm, and I ought to be angry with you. But I cannot. You are much too beautiful. To a lovely woman everything, even mischief, is forgiven."

"Will you open the door and let me go?"

"All in good time. When I please. It will do you no harm to be caught alone in my studio—alone with me. It will look so like returning to the lover whom, in a moment of temper, you threw over. I will take care that it shall bear that interpretation, if necessary. You have changed your mind, sweet Armorer, have you not? You have repented of that cruel decision."

He advanced a little nearer. I really believe that he was still confident in his own power of subjugating the sexfeminine—Heaven knows why some men always retain this confidence.

Armorer looked round the room: the window was high, too high for her to reach: there was no way of escape except through the door. Then she saw something hanging on the wall within her reach, and she took courage.

He drew still nearer: he held out his hands, and laughed.

"You are a really lovely girl," he said. "I believe there is not a more beautiful girl in the whole world. Before you go, let us make friends and forgive. It is not too late to change your mind. I will forget all you have said and all the mischief you have done me. My man is very discreet. He will say nothing about your visit here, unless I give him permission to speak. This I will never allow unless I am compelled. Come, Armorer, once more let me be your lover—once more. Give me your hands."

He bowed suppliant. He looked in her face with baleful eyes. He tried to take her hands. Armorer sprang from him and darted to the other end of the room.

The thing she had observed was hanging up among the weapons and armour and tapestry which decorated this wall of the studio. It was an axe from foreign parts, I think, from Indian parts, with a stout wooden handle and a boss of steel at the upper part. Armorer seized this lethal weapon. It was so heavy that no ordinary girl could have lifted it. But her arm, strengthened by a thousand days upon the water, tugging at the oar, wielded it easily.

"Open the door!" she cried. "Open the door this moment!"

Her wooer made no reply. He shrank back before the girl who handled this heavy axe as lightly as a paper-knife. But he did not open the door.

"Open it, I say!"

He only shrank back farther. He was cowed before the wrath in her face. He did not know what she would do next. I think he even forgot that the key was in his pocket. The door, a dainty piece of furniture, was not one of the common machine-made things which the competitive German—or is it the thrifty Swede?—is so good as to send over to us. It was a planned and fitted door, the panels painted with reeds and grasses, the gift of some admirer of genius. Armorer raised the axe—and looked at him. He did not move.

Crash! It went through the panel. Crash! again and again. The upper part of the door was a gaping wreck of splinters. Outside, the discreet man-servant waited in silence and expectation. Often ladies had held interviews alone with his master. But this was the first time that an interview had ended with such a crash.

"Will you open the door?" she asked again.

The man replied by a curse.

The lock—a piece of imitation mediævalism in iron—was fitted on to the inner part of the door, a very pretty ornament. Armorer raised her axe again, and brought the square boss at the top of it down upon the dainty fragile lock, breaking it and tearing it from the wood. There was no more difficulty in opening the door. She did so. She threw the hatchet on the carpet and walked away, the discreet man-servant opening the door for her with unchanged countenance, as if the deplorable incident had not happened at all.

(To be continued.)

The Irish Tenants' Defence Fund has closed, £60,000 representing the amount subscribed; the county of Cork heading the list with £8000.

OBITUARY.

SIR ARTHUR GREY HAZLERIGG, BART.

Sir Arthur Grey Hazlerigg, twelfth Baronet of Nosely Hall, county Leicester, died on May 11, in his seventy-eighth year. He was eldest son of Sir Arthur Grey Hazlerigg, Bart., by Henrietta Anne, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Bourne of Hanch Hall, Hants; succeeded to the title in 1819, and served as High Sheriff of his county in 1857. He married, July 14, 1835, Henrietta, fifth daughter of Mr. Charles Allen Philipps of St. Bride's Hill, and became a widower in 1883. His eldest son, Major Arthur Grey Hazlerigg, predeceased his father in 1880, leaving a son and heir, now Sir Arthur Grey Hazlerigg, thirteenth Baronet, born Nov. 17, 1878.



THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DONOUGHMORE.

The Right Hon. Thomasine Jocelyn, Dowager Countess of Donoughmore, died in London on May 8. Her Ladyship was daughter and heiress of Mr. Walter Steele of Moynalty, county Monaghan, by Mary Sophia, his wife, daughter of the Hon. George Jocelyn, and was married, April 7, 1817, to Richard John, Viscount Suidale, afterwards fourth Earl of Donoughmore, by whom she had, besides two daughters, four sons—John Luke George, present Earl of Donoughmore, K.C.M.G.; Hon. Sir Walter Francis Hely Hutchinson, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Windward Islands; Lieutenant the Hon. Patrick Maurice Hely Hutchinson, R.N.; and William Granville Hely Hutchinson, C.E.

LADY VERNEY.

Frances Parthenope, Lady Verney, second wife of the Right Hon. Sir Harry Verney, Bart., died at Claydon House, Bucks, on May 11. She was eldest daughter of Mr. William Edward Nightingale of Embly, Hants, and Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and was sister of Miss Florence Nightingale.

COLMAN MACAULAY, C.I.E.

The Hon. Colman Patrick Louis Macaulay, C.I.E., Acting Chief Secretary of the Bengal Government, Financial Department, died suddenly on May 2. He was born in 1849, the son of Mr. Patrick Macaulay, J.P., was educated at Liège and at the Queen's University in Ireland. He graduated, with honours in classics, in 1867, and entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1870. Mr. Macaulay, who was one of the rising men in India, was known at home by his connection with the efforts to open Tibet to commerce and by the special mission to Pekin in 1885. The decoration of Companion of the Indian Empire was conferred on him in 1886.

MR. HADLEY.

Mr. Simeon Charles Hadley, whose death is just announced, was for some years one of the Aldermen of London, having been elected in 1875, in succession to Sir Sills John Gibbons. In 1876 he was one of the Sheriffs for London and Middlesex, and in 1883 his turn for the Mayoralty came round; but, owing to commercial difficulties and losses, his name, though selected by the Corporation, was passed over.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Captain Melfort Campbell, Colonial Treasurer, formerly of the Carabineers, on May 13, at Gibraltar, in his sixty-third year. He was the youngest son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell, K.C.B.

Mr. Alfred Chetham-Strode, third son of the late Admiral Sir Edward Chetham-Strode, of Southill, Somerset, K.C.B., K.C.H., on May 13, at Waituna, Upper Norwood, aged sixty-seven.

Elizabeth, Lady Bazley, wife of Sir Thomas Sebastian Bazley, Bart., of Hatherop Castle, Gloucestershire, and second daughter of Mr. Robert Gardner of Chaseley, Lancashire, on May 1, at Bath.

Major-General George Monro Carmichael-Smyth, late of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry, on April 29, in his eighty-seventh year. He was youngest brother of Major-General Sir James Carmichael-Smyth, created a Baronet in 1821.

Commander William Foorde Royse, R.N., on May 2, at Walmer, Kent, in his eighty-seventh year. He entered the Navy in 1819, and saw much service. He was youngest son

of Mr. Nicholas Foorde Royse of Nantenan, in the county of Limerick, by Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of Captain Croker of Grange Hall.

Major-General Henry Woodbine Parish, C.B., late 45th Regiment, on April 29, aged sixty-nine. He was eldest son of the late Sir Woodbine Parish, K.C.H., was educated at Eton, and entered the Army in 1839. He served in the Kaffir Wars, and commanded the 45th Regiment in the Abyssinian Expedition; he married, in 1819, Charlotte, daughter of Judge Cloëté, of the Cape of Good Hope.

THE LADY CRICKETERS.

The cricket season of this summer is enlivened by a social novelty which may in some degree be illustrative of the disputed notion that women can, may, and will do everything quite as well as men. If they can play lawn-tennis, it was argued, why not cricket? This experiment is being tried, for the first time with a full field, not by lady amateurs, but in the public performances of a professional company, numbering some five-and-twenty fair experts in batting and bowling, organised last winter by Mr. Michel, and privately trained, for some time, on a covered ground spread with cocoa-nut matting, before the season allowed them to prove their skill on the grassy turf. Having received careful instruction from Matthews and other players of repute, they seem to understand the game, and are resolved to do all they know. Their costume is effective and workmanlike—a loose shirt of white flannel, with a sailor collar, opening in front to show a jersey on which are embroidered the letters "O. E. L. C.," and a short skirt of the same material terminating just below the knees; stockings and sash in accordance with the colours of their side, and a white cap with a similar bow above the peak. The feet are encased in ordinary lace-up cricketing boots. The rival teams are known as "Reds" and "Blues," the players having their pretty costumes of white flannel trimmed with the representative colour of their side. The "Blues," captained by Miss Stanley, usually play against Miss Violet Westbrook and the "Reds."

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

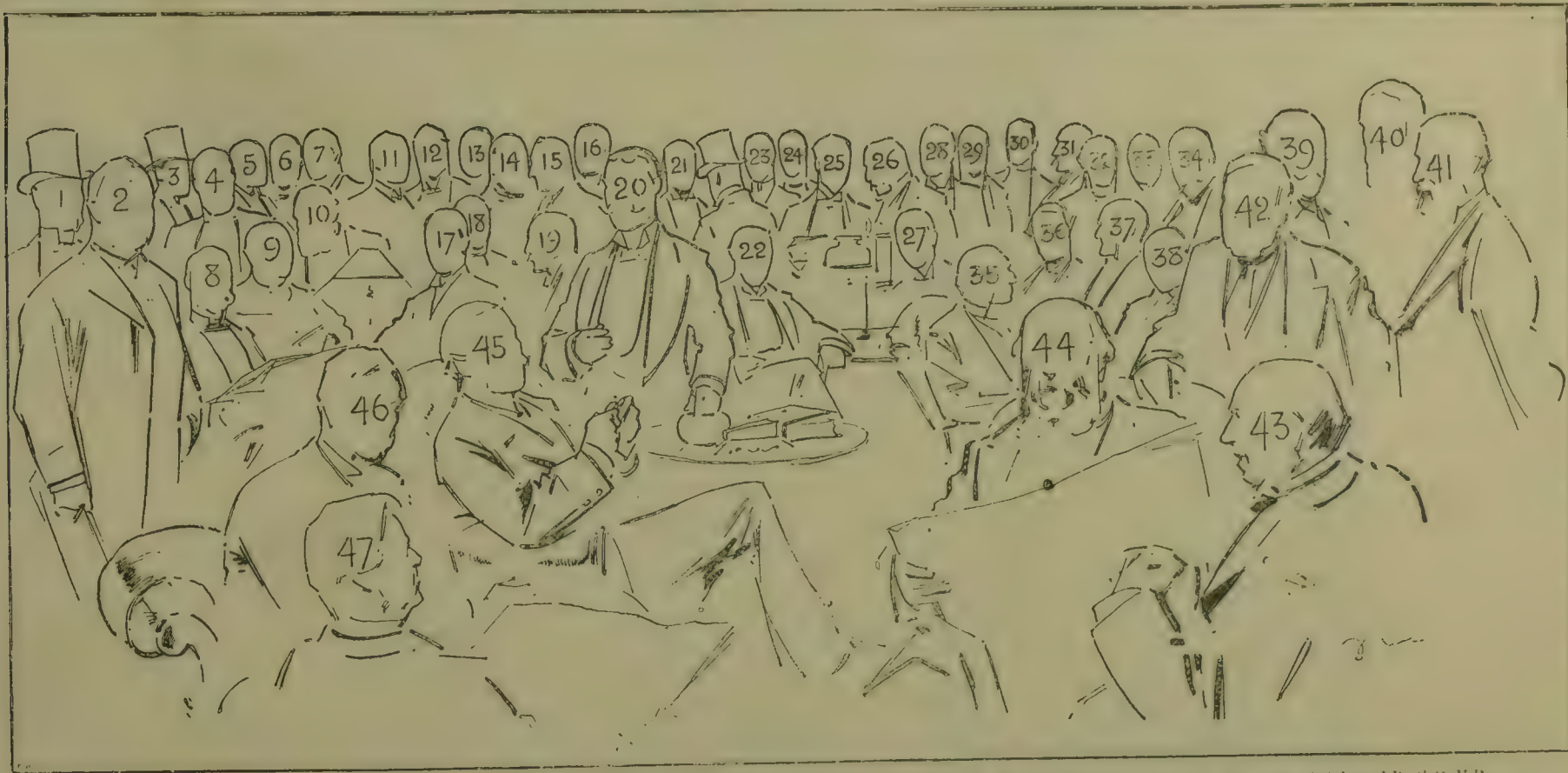
The availability of Ordinary Return Tickets on the Brighton and South Coast Railway to and from the Seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the Whitsuntide Holidays, and this will also include the Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets. On Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen will be run from London by a Special Day Service, and also by the Express Night Service. Special Saturday to Tuesday Tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe, Brighton, Midhurst, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. On Whit Sunday and Monday, Cheap Day Trips and Special Excursion Trains will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace Holiday Entertainments on Whit Monday, extra Trains will be run to and from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington, as required by the traffic. On Whit Tuesday Cheap Day Trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing. The Brighton Company announce that their West End Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evening of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for the sale of the Special Cheap Tickets and Ordinary Tickets to all parts of the Line, and to Paris and the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

MAY 24, 1890.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, Two-pence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Threepence.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.



1. Lord St. Oswald.
2. Sir R. E. Webster, Q.C., M.P.
3. Duke of Marlborough.
4. F. D. Dixon-Hartland, M.P.
5. Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham.
6. Sir R. Knightley, Bart., M.P.
7. J. M. Maclean, M.P.
8. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I., M.P.
9. J. E. W. Addison, Q.C., M.P.
10. Viscount Cross, G.C.B.

11. W. Bartlett-Burdett-Contts, M.P.
12. C. B. Stuart-Wortley, M.P.
13. Earl Waldegrave.
14. Sir R. N. Fowler, Bart., M.P.
15. Alderman Cotton.
16. Lieut.-Gen. Lord Chelmsford, K.C.B.
17. Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P.
18. Earl Cadogan.
19. Rt. Hon. Sir W. Hart Dyke, Bart., M.P.

20. Rt. Hon. L. L. Randolph Churchill, M.P.
21. Right Hon. D. R. Plunket, Q.C., M.P.
22. Earl of Dunraven, K.P.
23. C. E. Howard Vincent, C.B., M.P.
24. Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P.
25. Right Hon. Lord Geo. Hamilton, M.P.
26. Lord Magheramorne, K.C.B.
27. Right Hon. Edward Stanhope, M.P.
28. Baron H. De Worms, M.P.

29. Col. Sir W. B. Barttelot, Bt., C.B., M.P.
30. Capt. Lord Chas. Beresford, R.N., C.B.
31. Louis J. Jennings, M.P.
32. Sir E. Clarke, Q.C., M.P.
33. Right Hon. Sir J. R. Mowbray, Bt., M.P.
34. Sir A. Borthwick, Bart., M.P.
35. Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I.
36. Right Hon. H. Matthews, Q.C., M.P.
37. Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P.

38. E. Ashmead Bartlett, M.P.
39. Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P.
40. Right Hon. H. C. Raikes, M.P.
41. Rt. Hon. Sir M. Hicks-Beach, Bt., M.P.
42. Lord Halsbury.
43. Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P.
44. Marquess of Salisbury, K.G.
45. Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.
46. Duke of Rutland.
47. Lord Ashbourne.

KEY TO LARGE PICTURE "THE SMOKING-ROOM OF THE CARLTON CLUB."



THE ENGLISH LADY CRICKETERS: MISS STANLEY BATTING.

NOVELS.

The Ring of Amasis. By the Earl of Lytton. (Macmillan and Co.)—Although the present Lord Lytton has manifestly inherited a certain tincture of the literary tastes and talents of his father, and gained a secondary place long ago by his writings under the name of "Owen Meredith," among writers of the imaginative and sentimental class, some years have passed since his last publication of that kind. It was not to be expected that a Viceroy of the Indian Empire, or her Majesty's Ambassador in Paris, should find much further leisure for such pursuits; and we are reminded that this romantic story, which has lately appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, was written twenty-six years ago, in a rather different shape. Lord Lytton has now altered or recast the tale, to some extent, in bringing it to the degree of completeness which he deemed it capable of attaining; but we can scarcely appreciate the result as an example of the work that his mature judgment would have thought fit to issue as a recent production. Not much can be said of its merits, either in the design and treatment of the subject, or in the form and style of composition; but it may be desirable to explain the title. Though a certain King Amasis of Egypt is named in ancient history, we are unacquainted with the legend of a Prince Amasis and his magic ring, endowed by a terrible divinity, "Seb Kronos"—a hybrid or mongrel name—with irresistible powers which are fatal to every fortuitous possessor. When this amethyst ring comes into the hands of an unhappy German nobleman of the nineteenth century, Count Conrad von Rosenneck, of Castle Larustein, in Silesia, who takes it off the finger of a mummy amid the ruins of Thebes, and learns its mystic significance from some figures deciphered by a wandering Arab, we must anticipate a lamentable series of private disasters. It reminds us strongly of "The Ring of Gyges," a tale very similar in conception, which we had to notice about a twelvemonth ago. In that case the English gentleman who, so unluckily for himself and his friends picked up that ring, and obtained the faculty of becoming invisible at will, soon came to grief. But the resemblance between these stories is probably quite accidental; while both may pass muster with diverse other fictions intended to show that any supernatural gift—undying life on earth, as in "St. Leon," or foreknowledge of chance events, or absolute control over the wills and lives of others, or the instant accomplishment of one's desires—would occasion huge misery and mischief. This rash Conrad von Rosenneck, of course, has a very bad time of it, but he seems little better than a raving lunatic from first to last. He is in love with a young lady, Juliet, who has been brought up in his mother's house, and he gives her the amethyst ring in token of betrothal; she accidentally loses it, and it is found by his brother Felix, to whom the girl's affections are thereby instantly transferred. As the Egyptian Prince Amasis, several thousand years before, had a brother, Sethos, at strife with him, and one day left him to perish by drowning when he fell out of a boat, so it is fated that Conrad von Rosenneck, in precisely the same manner, shall be guilty of passively permitting the death of Felix. Whoever, at any time, wears the Ring of Amasis, feels his own hand in the relentless grasp of the unseen "Hand of Seb Kronos," which forces him to do some wrongful and dreadful deed. The Count, having got rid of his brother, marries the young lady, but they can never live together as husband and wife; for she discovers the virtual fratricide, and naturally regards him with unforgiving hatred. They are met on board a Rhine steam-boat by the medical gentleman who relates this dismal story, having had further interviews and conversations with its hero in Paris and at Breslau; he finally attends the death-bed of Von Rosenneck, a martyr to remorse and despair. There is little ingenuity in the plot, and some parts of it are awkwardly presented in fragments of letters and journals.

The Duke's Daughter; and The Fugitives. By Mrs. Oliphant. Three vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—Everything Mrs. Oliphant writes is good, in one way or another; our literature has no more signal example of an author whose popular talent for fictions of domestic and social life is strengthened in its command of the deeper sources of imaginative interest by serious and thoughtful studies of biography, history, moral and religious philosophy, and even by mystic allegories of profound spiritual insight. The many-sided versatility of her genius is again proved by a delightful piece of light comedy, "The Duke's Daughter," which occupies the first and half the second volume of this publication; while the remainder consists of "The Fugitives," an equally interesting story, likewise made up of supposed incidents of modern life, but touching the sadder problem of a conflict between filial affection and the just consequence of a father's misconduct. These are wholesome, honest, benevolent stories: the first of them humorous, and even delicately farcical; the second, with less improbability of incident, mildly pathetic; both gracious in tone, sympathetic, true to feminine feeling, clearly positive in the assertion of family duties, as well as in the spirited vindication of personal rights.

A Duke in this country is conventionally regarded as such a grand personage, above every other class of Lords and Commons, and so few among us can have any speaking acquaintance with that rare and sublime order of Peers, that we almost shudder at Mrs. Oliphant's temerity in making her Duke of Billingsgate nearly the greatest ass we ever heard of. This amazing hereditary "transmitter of a foolish face," of an empty head, a stately title, and estates now impoverished by his own folly, with his enormous pride of birth and rank, his stupid contempt of the untitled gentry, his harsh rejection of a man, Reginald Winton, superior to himself in wealth and all personal worth, the accepted lover of Lady Jane, becomes the laughing-stock of good society, committing the most outrageous faults and blunders, descending to acts of meanness and cruelty. Fie upon such a Duke! His wife, the Duchess, is a kindly and sensible woman. Lady Jane is no silly girl, but a calm, grave, dutiful, pure-minded, noble English maiden, twenty-eight years of age, resolute in her attachment to a gentleman who is fully deserving of the prize. How rudely he is treated by her ridiculous father, whose behaviour, in these scenes with Mr. Winton and with Lady Jane, is so described that it might exercise the finest dramatic skill on the stage; how ingeniously, with the mother's secret consent, and with the help of her friends Lord and Lady Germaine, a private wedding is arranged at an obscure City church; how the timid and servile clergyman, officiously revealing this matter to the Duke, contrives to delay the conclusion of the ceremony; how the Duke interferes, captures his daughter, and locks her up, a close prisoner, in second-floor rooms of his house in Grosvenor-square; what an absurd, shabby, headstrong old bully he appears—all this could hardly be believed, if Mrs. Oliphant did not tell it so well. But it is pleasant to add that social opinion, in the highest rank, condemns the domestic tyranny of the Duke of Billingsgate, and that a word gently spoken to him by a Royal Princess delivers Lady Jane, who soon marries the man of her choice.

"The Fugitives" are a family party in very different circumstances. Mr. Goulburn, a great financier and speculator,

dwelling in a sumptuous country mansion, a widower, having an innocent and trustful daughter, Helen, just out of her early girlhood, and another daughter, still a little child, finds himself not only ruined, but denounced as a criminal for acts of fraud and forgery; he takes them away stealthily at night, and hurries to a hiding-place in remote parts of rural France. Helen's astonishment, bewilderment, at this sudden change; her ignorance of its real cause, as she has no suspicion of her father's guilt; her continued efforts to help and to cheer him; the perplexities of her intercourse with foreigners, at the Lion d'Or Hotel of Sainte Barbe, and at the sequestered village of Latour, in Burgundy; and the care she takes of her little sister, engage our hearty sympathy. They happen to meet, in that country, young Charley Asnton, son of the Rector of Fareham, and Helen's admirer not yet confessed. The Goulburns—now calling themselves Harford—make acquaintance at Latour with a highly respected French family, that of a dowager Countess and her two amiable daughters, one of whom is engaged to marry an Englishman, Sir John Harvey. During the sojourn of Helen, with her father and the child, at this village, there are some incidents of an ordinary kind—the sale of trees in the woods, the drawing of lots for the conscription, the purchase of a substitute, and an attempted robbery—which give variety to the action. Mr. Goulburn, who retains a large sum of money that does not justly belong to him, gets local applause for a generous use of his riches. But the arrival of Sir John Harvey, one of the creditors he has cheated, whose cousin is Charley Ashton, unknowing that the Goulburns are there, soon brings the story to an end; for Mr. Goulburn dies, but Charley, notwithstanding, will take the good daughter for his wife.

The New Faith, and What Came of It. By Charles T. C. James. Three vols. (Ward and Downey.)—The author of this novel, already favourably known by a one-volume story of pathetic interest, "The Blindness of Memory Earle," has an agreeable style of narrative and of dialogue, with some mastery of forcible conceptions of personal character. But the very superficial treatment of existing social and religious perturbations, in his violently contrasted imaginary portraits of a worldly minded fashionable London clergyman, the Rev. Perren Hatt, and an enthusiastic free-thinking preacher of crude Humanitarian fancies, Mr. Cecil Avernol, can hardly be satisfactory to minds anxiously occupied with those questions. The one is a diabolical knave; the other is an angelical fool; both are popular ministers or teachers of creeds professing to be religious truth, and their rivalry, as orthodox and heterodox, is the mainspring of the story; but there is not an ounce-weight of serious argument, valid in theological or philosophical controversy, even suggested by the indication of their respective "views." Fiction is quite at liberty, of course, to invent the most exceptional, if not utterly impossible, monsters of individual depravity in a reverend profession. A very bad man, secretly licentious and profligate, a heartless seducer, an ungrateful and insolent son, who despises the memory of his father as a plain tradesman, snubs and rebukes his innocent mother, keeps his brother in abject poverty, and fawns on ladies of fashion, might be hypocrite enough to hold a West-End Vicarage, to preach fine sermons composed by his brother for wretched pay, and to intrigue for matrimony with the heiress of great wealth. On the other hand, a young Oxford student who has rejected the Church creed, and who, being intoxicated with his own eloquence, conceives himself, with manifest self-conceit, to be the Apostle of a "New Faith" in which there is no Deity and no hope of immortality of the soul, might be inspired by generous philanthropy, along with his vanity, and live at a certain height of moral exaltation.

But these are eccentric characters. The feminine element of interest, consisting mainly of the position and behaviour of Miss Edith Maudslay, a cousin of Cecil and five years older than he, the independent mistress of £30,000 a year and the liberal patroness of his expensive institutions, will naturally be more pleasing. This lady is a delightful figure of gracious, kindly, and courageous womanhood; herself no zealot or enthusiast, but from early girlhood in love with her cousin, who treats her frankly as a sister, and who has never an idea of making her his wife. It is a severe trial for Edith, whose maidenly reserve has concealed so strong and deep an affection, when Cecil becomes infatuated with the charms of a very pretty girl, the unknown illegitimate daughter of the Rev. Perren Hatt, who has been a third-rate actress in a London theatre, and who is the most fascinating disciple of "the New Faith." This young person subsequently proves a jilt, preferring the offer of Lord Marlowe's heart and hand, with results fatal both to the continuance of Cecil's public mission, and to his life, already precarious from hectic disease and morbid excitement. It is a tragedy of errors, mitigated by some amusing scenes of comedy, in which good Lady Marlowe, the warm-hearted British matron, Captain Turle, the bustling, peremptory, punctual volunteer assistant of Cecil in managing his organised association, and such yielding female spirits as Mrs. Hatt, Mrs. Turle, and Miss Shafto, play their appropriate parts. Two well-known London Societies, under disguised names, are described as doing much more harm than good by officious interference with the course of private charity; but their proceedings are unfairly caricatured.

They Have Their Reward. By Blanche Atkinson, Author of "The Web of Life." (G. Allen.)—In this single-volume story, as in its predecessor, noticed last year, Miss Atkinson fully develops a complete and mainly original plot; some features of which, however—notably the transformation of a poor struggling good girl, tried by the sordid troubles of a mean life in Liverpool, into the rich heiress of a grand rural mansion—have already served her purpose. Instead of Peggy Meredith, the orphan child adopted by old Peter Holgate, coming into possession of the Lyonwood estate bought with the money he had scraped together by miserly thrift over his shop-counter, we have Joanna Durant, living in that town with her careless and tipsy stepfather, George Martindale, who is an ill-paid singer at a low disreputable music-hall. Joanna is a superior person, and of gentle birth, her deceased father having been an unsuccessful artist; and her mother, who died after her second marriage, the cruelly cast-off daughter of Mr. Booker, a wealthy landowner in North Wales, who expires at the beginning of this story, leaving half a million sterling. His conduct through life has been so harsh and unjust that he must either be detested or despised by almost all who have known him; but one good widow lady, Mrs. North, whom he long ago wished to marry, regards him with kindly pity in his last illness. Old Samuel Booker therefore sends for her, proposing to bequeath her all his money. Mrs. North will not have it, and insists on his giving it to the lost grandchild, Joanna, if she can anywhere be found. A will is made, accordingly, by which Joanna Durant, whose existence was last known in Paris some years before, is to get the splendid inheritance if she appears within a twelvemonth; but, if she does not appear, it will go to Mrs. North's son Bernard, a thorough gentleman and a very good fellow, waiting for briefs as a London barrister.

Meantime, the obscurity of this girl's situation, and the

circumstance that she is usually called Miss Martindale, not Miss Durant, by her few acquaintance in Liverpool, hide the important fact of her identity with the lost heiress. Supporting herself, and partly also her stepfather and her little half-sister Alice, by humble labours amid dismal scenes of penury, Joanna's most painful anxiety is to defeat the wicked schemes of Ephraim Myers, the Jew proprietor of the Music Hall, who has persuaded George Martindale to let him train Alice for the base vocation of a singer and dancer in that place of indecorous entertainment. When the besotted father will not listen to her earnest entreaties, Joanna, aided by a generous young artist, Dick Linkwood, secretly arranges to carry off the child to another town, Belhaven, which might be either Belfast or Glasgow, where she has promise of employment. The steamer is about to start from Liverpool, and Joanna, to gain the opportunity for their escape, puts a few drops of laudanum into Martindale's gin-and-water, leaving a note to say what she has done. This is found by Ephraim Myers, the villain of the story, who intends to compel Joanna to marry him, as he has obtained knowledge of her being the great heiress. He pursues her and makes her believe that Martindale, whom he sends away to America, has died of the dose of laudanum, and that she is in peril of being accused of the crime of poisoning her stepfather. The imposition is assisted by a pretended report of a coroner's inquest. As Miss Blanche Atkinson, besides her merits of literary skill and imaginative power, is a writer of high moral purpose, it may be taken for certain that, when Mrs. North and her son have behaved with disinterested integrity, "they have their reward."

THE NEW ARMY MAGAZINE RIFLE.

The present age has witnessed many changes in infantry fire-arms, as in everything else. Something better than the old smooth-bore musket was not altogether unknown in the Napoleonic wars; but it was with the Brown Bess that the Peninsular battles and Waterloo were won, and with it the bulk of our troops fought in the Crimea. But from the Crimean time—say, five-and-thirty years ago—the great changes have been made. First, rifles were provided for the whole of the infantry; and with these, changing from the Minié to the Enfield, we went on till the annihilation of the Austrians at Königgratz, in 1866, proved that the days of the slow-charging muzzle-loader were ended, and that every nation which hoped to hold its own in battle must have a breech-loader, as the Prussians had, to give more rapid fire. Thus the adoption of the rifle was the first grand change, and the adoption of the breech-loader the second, and then it was largely thought that we had reached, if not finality, at least something which would last a very long while.

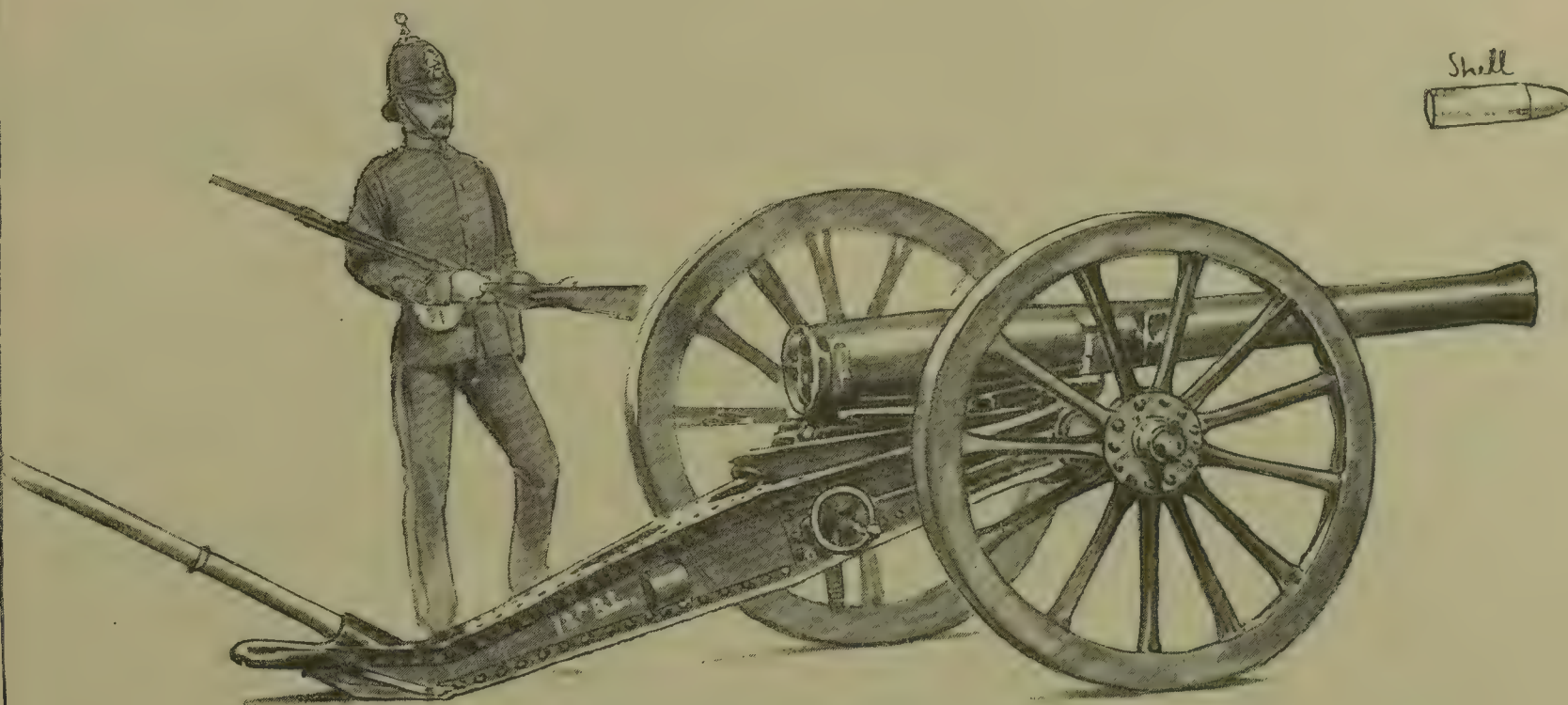
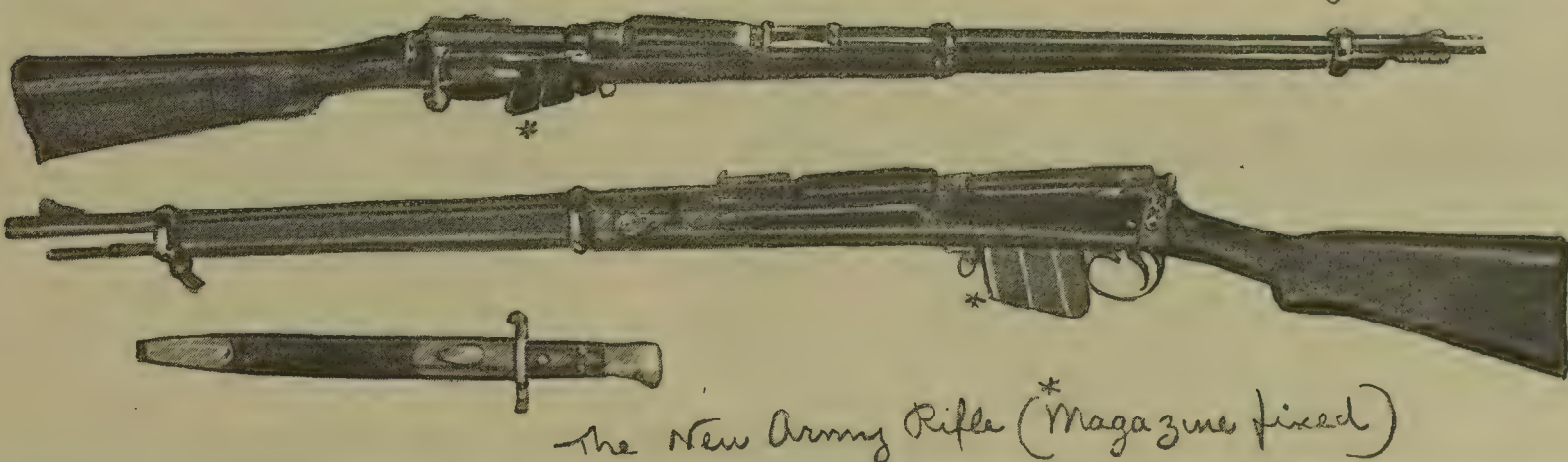
But in the American War the cavalry of both sides had shown the advantage to be obtained by the use of repeating rifles, which at a critical moment could fire a series of shots without men stopping to load at all. Yet it took twenty years for the theory of repeating-rifles to be brought up to the point of value in practice; and in the last two years the idea has been sufficiently developed in the form of magazine rifles, every nation in Europe having finally adopted such weapons of one sort or another.

The magazine rifle with which our troops at home are now being rapidly armed—all those belonging to the First Army Corps and the Foot Guards now possess it—is, by a fairly general consent in this country, believed to be the best selected for troops anywhere. Its choice was left to a committee of experts, over whom Major-General Philip Smith, the Commander of the Home District, presided; and among those who took part in the deliberations were such specialists as Colonel Slade, now at the head of the Hythe School of Musketry; Sir Henry Halford, a Volunteer Colonel, who has achieved distinction as a scientific rifleman; Mr. Rigby, the eminent gun-maker of Dublin, and now chief of the Enfield Small Arms Factory; and officers of the Regular service who have given the greater part of their attention to musketry. It is not a little curious that this committee was not originally appointed to select a magazine rifle, but simply to choose a better breech-loader than the Martini-Henry. They performed their first function, and 80,000 weapons known as the Enfield Martini had been made, when it was resolved by the higher military powers of the country that a repeating-rifle must be had. Then the committee began again, and the rifle now being issued is the result of the members' long deliberations.

To have a magazine gun it was almost inevitable that there must be an increase of weight, but it is not great, the 9 lb. 6 oz. of the new weapon being but the odd 6 oz. heavier than the weight of the Martini-Henry single loader. The length, at nearly 4 ft. 2 in., is very slightly greater than that of the Martini; but the barrel is shorter. The bayonet, only 12 in. long, is like a strong hunting-knife. The calibre of the barrel is much smaller than in any rifle hitherto known in England; that of the Martini-Henry was considered small at 45 of an inch; the Enfield Martini, coming between that and the magazine gun, was 4 in.; and the present service arm is but 3 in. The rifling is on the Metford principle—a system which has long held its own—there being seven grooves, making a complete turn in ten inches. The breech and the magazine have been devised by Mr. Lee, an American inventor, who with Mr. Metford gives his name to the gun—the Lee-Metford.

It is agreed that a good magazine gun must be constructed on the bolt principle. This idea has been adopted, and strength and simplicity appear to have been reached in a system which also includes what is believed to be safety as absolute as can be attained. But the great point of the weapon is the magazine, which has the initial advantage of being detachable without reducing the value of the rifle as a single loader, or it may remain in its place, but its action so effectually cut off from the general action that the soldier may go on loading and firing single shots until a supreme moment comes in which a heavier and more rapid fire is needed, and then by a simple movement he connects the magazine with the general action, and can go on to the extent of the magazine's charge without shifting the weapon from his shoulder, simply continuing to pull the trigger till the magazine is exhausted. The latter is inserted under the rifle and in front of the trigger-guard, being kept in its place by a spring in the body of the gun. The cartridges, thrown up in succession by a spring to their place in the chamber, may be filled into the magazine easily, either when attached to or detached from the rifle; and a spare magazine, of course charged, is carried on the man's belt. The great effort has been to get the greatest number of cartridges into the magazine; and, though these have been made as small as possible, it is not supposed that more than nine can be packed in the space. Our illustrations show the rifle with and without the magazine attached to it below, in front of the trigger-guard; also, the sword-bayonet, and the cartridge, represented of the actual size.

There is still some doubt as to the ammunition to be ultimately preferred. It is desirable to have not only a smokeless and noiseless powder, but a charge sufficiently strong to send the bullet 3500 yards, to which the gun is sighted by a second series of sights. The normal sight is for 300 yards; but the



The New Rifled 12-pounder Steel Field-Gun.

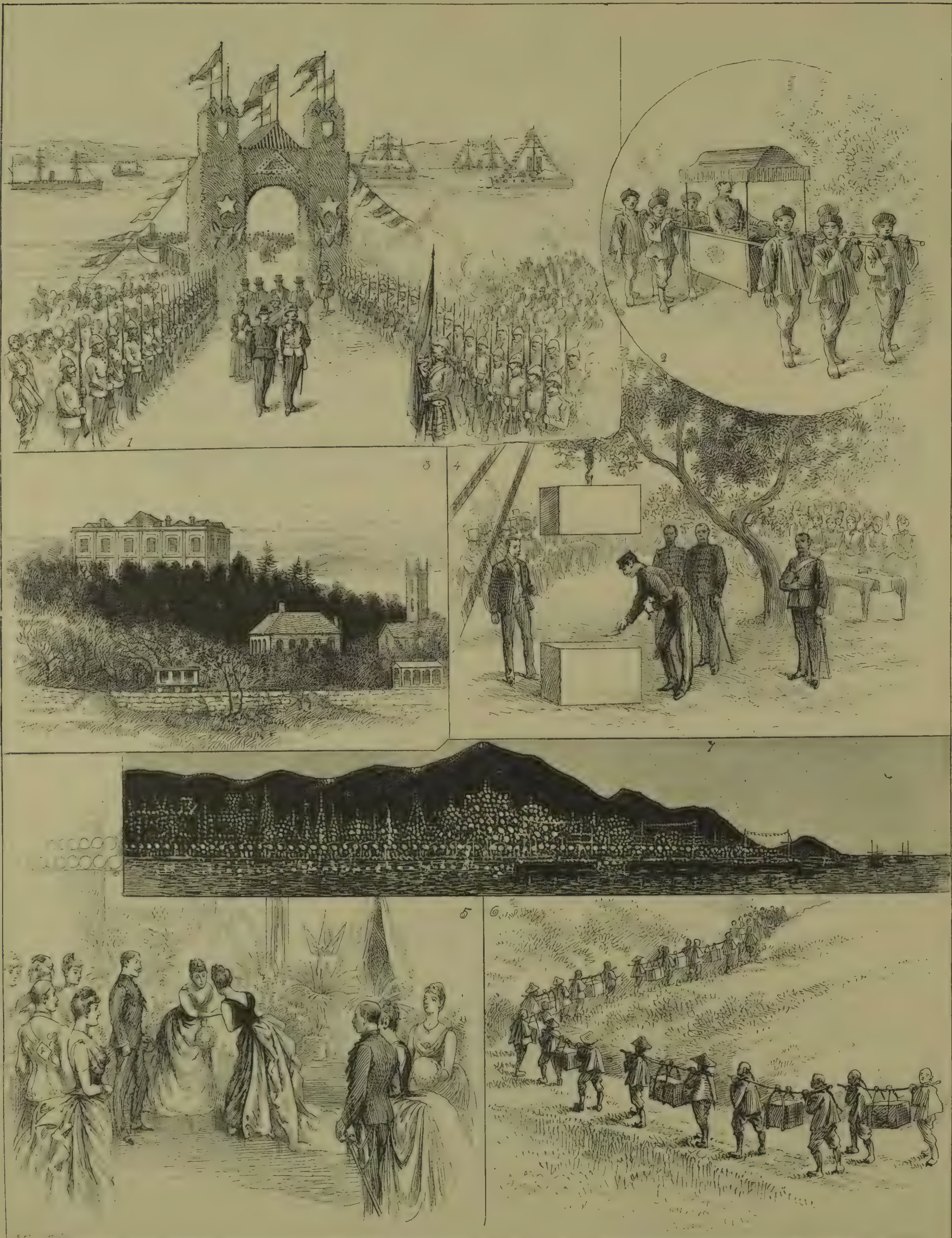
NEW MILITARY ARMAMENT AND EQUIPMENT.

trajectory is so low that, without altering the ordinary sights, a head-and-shoulders target may be hit at any distance between 100 and 350 yards, and practically, for fighting purposes, the sights need not be set till the 500-yards range has been passed. So flat is the trajectory that at 600 yards the angle of elevation is but 47.82 min., and at 1000 yards but 1 deg. 40.37 min. The bullet being very light, there are fears that, in long-distance firing, the wind will have serious effect, and many practised riflemen look upon the sighting for 3000 yards and more as altogether unnecessary, and beyond the zone of possible use; but coming down to the distances at which common eyes can see clearly—say up to 1200 yards, possibly even a mile—the new magazine rifle may be regarded as the most accurate, most simple, and most deadly weapon yet put into the hands of the British soldier.

TWELVE-POUNDER STEEL FIELD-GUN.

Visitors to the Royal Military Exhibition at Chelsea, on entering the East Gallery by the main gate from the Thames Embankment, will examine the contributions of the War Office, including specimens of modern field artillery from Woolwich Arsenal, among which is this improved twelve-pounder, on its carriage, with all its appurtenances complete. It is represented in one of our Illustrations, giving merely an idea of its general form and appearance. The barrel, 8 ft. long, is finely shaped, and the gun has a range of 5400 yards, while the rifling is such as to obtain the greatest precision yet reached with field-guns. Sights are fitted on each side of the gun, a rough and a fine sight, also a telescopic sight. The breech-loading apparatus is of the most expeditious and

effective kind. The screw elevator, under the breech of the gun, is worked by a collar with a cogged edge, which is acted upon obliquely by a cog-wheel revolving when the circular handle is turned round. But the special merits of this gun are several new contrivances for preventing its recoil when fired. One is the "hydraulic buffer," placed beneath the breech of the gun, an apparatus that is said to prove remarkably effective. The wheels of the carriage also are furnished with brakes, easily set in action, to check its running back from the recoil of the gun. Every part is of Whitworth steel. The total weight of metal is 17 cwt. This gun is in course of being supplied to all the batteries of Field Artillery and Horse Artillery. It is believed to be superior to any in the possession of foreign Armies. Another object of interest in the Exhibition is the new quick-firing gun of 4.7 in. calibre, for coast batteries.



1. The Royal Visitors after landing on Pedder's Wharf.
2. The Duke of Connaught carried in a Chair.

3. Government House, Hong-Kong.
4. Laying Memorial-Stone of the Praya Reclamation Works.

5. The Duchess of Connaught receiving Ladies at Government House.
6. Chinese Coolies carrying Luggage. 7. Illumination of the Harbour.

VISIT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT TO HONG-KONG.

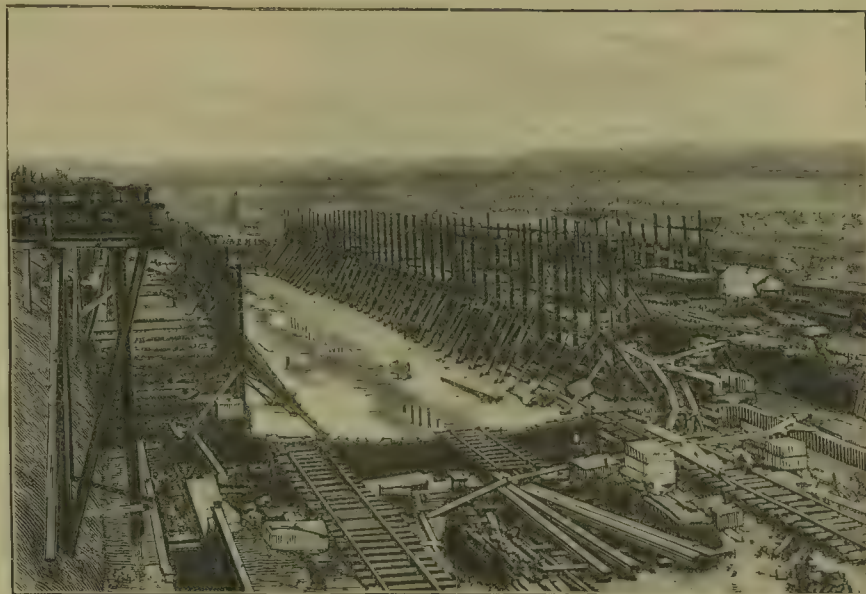
Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Hong-Kong from Ceylon, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Kaisar-i-Hind*, on March 31, having visited Singapore on March 25. They were loyally received with official, municipal, and social demonstrations of welcome. The Acting Governor of Hong-Kong, the Hon. F. Fleming, C.M.G., the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. W. M. Deane, Major-General Edwards, and Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon met the Royal visitors at their landing on Pedder's Wharf, with several members of the Governor's Staff and of the Council and the local Reception Committee. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Sir John McNeill and Colonel and Mrs. Cavaye, were conveyed from the ship to the wharf in the steam-launch *Victoria*, which had been decorated for the occasion. All the vessels in the harbour, naval and mercantile, were dressed with flags, and a Royal salute was fired by H.M.S. *Impérieuse*

and by the Artillery Volunteers on shore. The Duke and Duchess were conveyed in chairs to the City Hall, through roads and streets decorated with lines of flags on masts, triumphal arches, masses of foliage, mottoes, devices, banners, and shields, especially on the Post Office, Bank, and other public buildings. In St. George's Hall, where a large number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled, an address was presented by the Hon. P. Ryrie, Chairman of the Reception Committee, bidding their Royal Highnesses welcome, and describing the vast progress of Hong-Kong during the past fifty years, since it was a desolate rocky island with a few poor fishermen dwelling there. It is now a community of 200,000 people, with a great commerce, and with docks for shipping unsurpassed in the East. The Duke of Connaught made a suitable reply. Their Royal Highnesses went to sojourn at Government House, where a dinner was given in

the evening, followed by a reception, numerously attended by Europeans, Indians, and Chinese. Next day, they witnessed the Chinese festival procession in the grounds of Government House; the Duke also inspected the Lyemooon Battery and the Kowloon Dock. On April 2 he laid the memorial-stone of the commencement of the Praya Reclamation Works; he also attended a meeting of the District Grand Lodge of Freemasons, and was presented with an address. In the evening, their Royal Highnesses were entertained by the Chinese Reception Committee with a banquet and a performance at the Ko-Shing Theatre. The streets of the city were splendidly illuminated. Next day, they went in the steamer *Hankow* to Canton, where they were received by Mr. Alabaster, the British Consul. On April 4 they left Hong-Kong for Shanghai. Our Illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Lionel C. Barff, of Hong-Kong.



FINISHED CUTTING AT WEASTE.



MODE-WHEEL LOCKS.

PROGRESS OF THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL WORKS.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

Two years and a half, since Lord Egerton of Tatton cut the first turf at the commencement of this great work, leave the contractors, who are the executors of the late Mr Walker, about eighteen months for its completion within the specified time. There are different opinions, but if we examine the actual progress of the last two years, and note the forward condition of the greater part of the work, it seems that, barring unexpected accidents, the canal will be ready for use by the early days of 1892. Already the greater proportion of the mere excavation has been accomplished; and in many places the steam-navvies have been withdrawn, their places being now filled by steam-cranes, to aid in the "pitching" or facing of the cuttings. At several points this work also has been finished, and the cutting lacks only water to become a canal in fact as well as in name.

We give an Illustration of one such finished portion. This view is taken on the top reach of the canal, at Weaste, about halfway between Barton and Manchester. This length has a bottom width of 200 ft., as compared with 120 ft. for the remainder of the canal. The curve shown in our Sketch is, perhaps, the sharpest on the whole canal.

After the cutting itself, probably the most important work is the construction of the various locks. Of these, besides the tidal locks at Eastham, there are four series: at Latchford, Irlam, Barton, and Mode-Wheel. It should be observed that the total rise of level, between Eastham and Manchester, is 60 ft. 6 in. It has been estimated that steamers will require about a quarter of an hour to pass through each lock. This would bring up the time occupied in steaming from end to end of the canal to about eight hours.

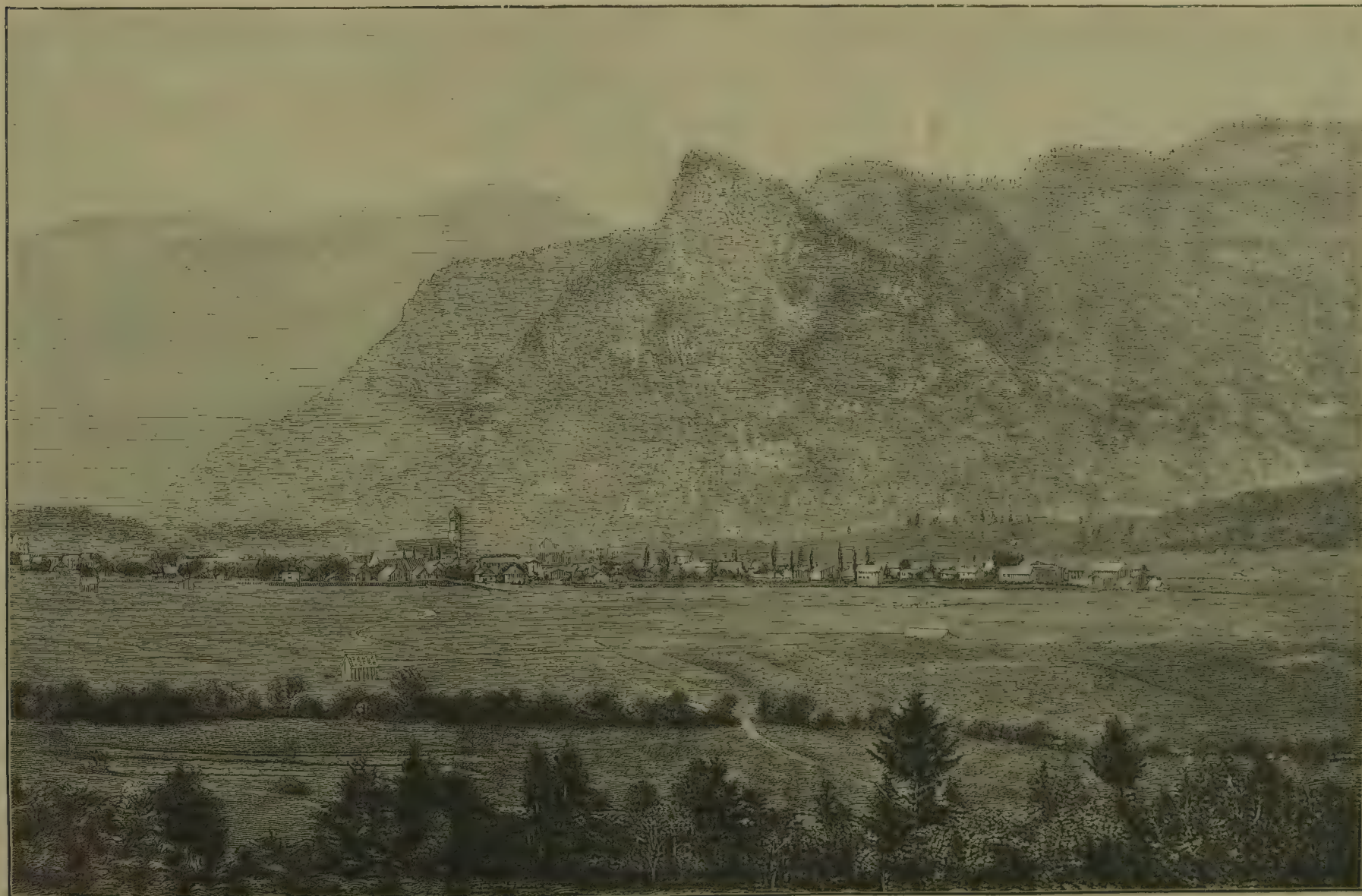
The locks at Mode-Wheel are the last to be encountered by a vessel passing up the canal: immediately on clearing them she would find herself in the Salford Docks. Our View of these locks is taken from one of the concrete-mixing platforms above them. These platforms, several of which may be seen in the Illustration, are on the original ground level, and present good points of view from which to watch the progress of the work in the cutting below.

The sluices which open the locks are immense steel gates, which can be lifted, after a storm, to pass the surplus water rapidly from reach to reach, until it is finally ejected into the estuary. Those at Norton, through which part of this last discharge of canal water will take place, are each about 30 ft. wide and 15 ft. high; each gate is balanced by a steel trough, filled with concrete, in order to make the operation of lifting the gates more easy. The floor of the bridge which carries the winding gear is rather more than 30 ft. above the bottom of the gates, and the whole is a very imposing-looking structure. Our readers may form some idea of the appearance, say, of the Irlam Locks, when finished, where, on the farther side of two locks, of the size described, there will be five sluices of the same vast proportions as those at Norton. At the mouth of the river Weaver, again, there is already in position a series of ten sluices, of exactly the same dimensions for disposing of the storm-water from that stream. Mr. Leader Williams, the able engineer and designer of the Ship Canal, has introduced an ingenious contrivance for preventing the leakage of water at the sluices. The gates do not fit tightly in their frames, but a circular iron bar, turned perfectly true, hangs loosely in the angle formed by the gate and its frame, both of which are planed up smooth. This hanging bar is jammed tightly into the angle by the pressure of the water, and the result is a water-tight joint,

which offers little or no opposition to the raising of the sluice gates.

The Manchester Ship Canal will be thirty-five miles long. Its channel between Warrington and Manchester is formed by enlarging, deepening, and straightening the river Mersey and the river Irwell, which joins the Mersey. The canal will be 26 ft. deep, the same depth as the Suez Canal; and the minimum width at the bottom will be 120 ft., 48 ft. wider than the Suez Canal. This increased width will allow the largest cargo steamers to pass each other at any point, and to navigate the canal with ease and speed. But the width will be much greater near the locks, docks, and other points, to allow ships to turn. From Barton to Manchester (a length of 3½ miles) the width at the bottom will be 170 ft., making this portion of the canal a dock which will enable a line of shipping to moor alongside the wharfs on the Salford side of the canal without any interference with the ordinary traffic. The canal can, from time to time, be widened at any place to form a "lay bye" for ships to be moored at ship-building or repairing-yards, or for discharging or loading cargoes. Side basins may be formed at any point without the necessity of entrance-gates, so that works of any description can be formed and carried on alongside the canal, without any impediment to the passage of vessels.

The docks will be above and below the Trafford-road Bridge, some on the Salford and the remainder on the Manchester side of the river Irwell. The area of the docks is sixty-two and a half acres. The quay frontage is more than three and a half miles in extent, besides a mile of wharfing on the Salford side, and over two miles of frontage available for mooring vessels, or for discharging cargoes into lighters, for conveyance to warehouses or wharfs in Salford or Manchester.



OBER-AMMERGAU, BAVARIA, WHERE THE "PASSION PLAY" IS PERFORMED.

THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

To most men and women over forty years of age the announcement that this is the year of the Ober-Ammergau "Passionspiel" will have come as a surprise. It seems only the other day that they were in the midst of descriptions and criticisms of the performances of 1880. Ten years, nevertheless, have gone by, and once again all is activity and excitement in the usually secluded Bavarian village depicted in our illustration. Rehearsal and dress rehearsal will be followed on Whit Monday by the first regular representation of "The History of the Sufferings and Death of Jesus." There are to be twenty-five representations in all, and, with the exception of the first, they are given every Sunday until Sept. 28.

Although books innumerable have been written on the play,* it may not be undesirable to call to mind the circumstances which give this quiet Bavarian village its perennial interest. But to write the full history of the drama would be to write the history of the once-popular miracle-plays. "Such spectacles," Luther is reported to have said, "often do more good and produce more impression than sermons." Yet, in spite of this judgment, the Reformed Church always opposed all attempts thus to give material form to the Bible narrative. The Catholic Church, in consequence of the tendency to levity which had shown itself to a very considerable extent, soon followed in the same path. Nevertheless, even within our own time there have been many Passion plays performed in different parts of the Continent. Nowhere, however, is there so unbroken a tradition as this of Ober-Ammergau. The story has often been told, how, two hundred and fifty years ago, in the time of the Thirty Years' War, a plague broke out in the Bavarian Tyrol, and devastated the neighbourhood of Ober-Ammergau. The village authorities, in order to preserve themselves from the plague, forbade anyone to pass out of their secluded valley. This order did not prevent a truant villager from coming in. Crossing the mountains at night, the unhappy man brought the dire disease with him. Within three days he was dead, and forty fellow-villagers shared his fate. Then it was that the pious people of Ober-Ammergau registered a vow, and determined, in order to propitiate Heaven, that every ten years they would perform a play which should set forth the story of Christ's Passion. We are told that the plague was stayed. Certain it is that the vow was kept. Only once has the decennial connection been broken since 1634, and that was to bring the performance to the beginning of every decade. This was done in 1680. There have, however, been two extra representations—one, in 1815, to celebrate the Peace; and the other, in 1871, in order to conclude the series of performances interrupted by the Franco-German War.

The play itself has undergone many changes. Lucifer was one of the leading characters in the earlier drama. In 1740 a monk named Rosner introduced much comic incident, and to Satan were given attendant imps and demons, who strutted their hour upon the stage till the year 1800. It was in consequence of these extravaganzas that the performance almost came to be forbidden in 1810; but the play was remodelled, Lucifer and his friends disappeared, and the representation was practically limited to the simple narrative of Christ's Life and Death. In 1840 Pastor Daisenberger (who died in 1883) revived the text of the play, and gave it much of its present reverence and charm. "Our main object," he has written, "is to represent the story of Christ's Passion, not by a mere statement of facts, but in its connection with the types, figures, and prophecies of the Old Testament. By this manner of treatment an additional and strong light will be cast upon the sacred narrative, and thoughtful spectators will be able to realise that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, made man for our salvation, is the central figure of the inspired volumes; that all the personages of the Old Testament, and whatever is recorded in Scripture, have an avowed reference to Him who is yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The Duke of Bedford has sent a circular to the tenant farmers on his Devonshire estates intimating that it is his intention to remit, at the forthcoming rent audit, twenty-two per cent. off the half-year's rent due at Lady Day last.

Thornhill Gardens, Islington, were opened on May 16 by the Rev. W. H. Barlow, Vicar of Islington, for the use of the public. The gardens are well-known nursery grounds, three quarters of an acre in extent, at the top of Richmond-road, Caledonian-road, converted into a pretty recreation-ground.

It is stated that Mr. H. M. Stanley is engaged to be married to Miss Dorothy Tennant, of Richmond-terrace, Whitehall, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Tennant, a lady known to the public by her clever pictures at the Royal Academy and other galleries. The marriage will probably take place in July.

The Bishop of Rochester has been elected to an Honorary Fellowship at Queen's College, Oxford. Mr. Edward George Hawke, non-collegiate student, late of University College, London, and Mr. Robert H. A. Duff, of Sherborne School, have been elected to Exhibitions in Modern History, at Wadham College.

About two hundred friends of the Coffee and Eating House Keepers' Benevolent Association attended its fifty-third anniversary festival, held at the Holborn Restaurant. This society yearly dispenses a large sum in the relief of old and necessitous members of the trade. Mr. John Aird, M.P., who presided, made an earnest appeal on behalf of the charity, with a result that contributions were announced amounting to £200.

A Competitive Exhibition of Fans of British Manufacture, promoted by the Fanmakers' Company, has been held at Drapers' Hall. There were upwards of six hundred exhibits, and prizes to the value of £275 were offered. The feather fans made a very numerous display, and the carved handles were of remarkable beauty. The Freedom of the Company and 25 guineas were awarded to F. Houghton for a Honiton lace fan of great artistic merit.

According to the returns of the Education Department, 2,358,560 children in the elementary schools of England and Wales have earned a grant of £117,928, for singing by note. Singing by ear, which is paid a lower grant, earned £33,514 with 1,340,531 scholars. Six years ago only twenty per cent. were taught by note, now the proportion is sixty-three per cent. Adding Scotch and English figures together, 2,336,533 children passed in Tonic Sol-fa, 330,366 in Staff and various notations, 1,450,240 were taught by ear, and 18,586 do not sing at all.

The centenary of the foundation of the Royal Literary Fund was celebrated, at the St. James's Hall, by a banquet, at which many distinguished and representative guests were present. The chair was taken by the Prince of Wales. In proposing the toast of the evening, he dwelt upon the large amount of good accomplished by the fund since its inception, and mentioned some of the well-known men whose families had been benefited recently by the fund. The speakers included the Bishop of Ripon, the Earl of Derby, and Mr. John Morley. The subscriptions amounted to £4000.

* The best are Miss Séguin's "Bavaria and the Country of the Passion Play" (Chatto and Windus) and Mr. Henry Blackburn's "The Passion Play in 1830" (Sampson Low and Co.).

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE WAY OF GROWTH.

From where I sit I can see the elm-trees day by day throwing forth their leaves, and the limes and the aspens making a leafy screen in front of the brook. But a few weeks ago, I discussed with you the problem of vital force, and of the immense store of energy which was moment by moment being expended in dressing tree and flower in the garments of the rosy time of year. To-day, another phase of this thought crops up for discussion. We may let force and energy go by the board for the present. Of these things we have had enough for a time, and that which faces us now is the question of living growth at large. What is "growth," truly so called? is a question the reply to which involves and includes a fair amount of scientific reasoning. True, we apply this term to all kinds and conditions of increase; but it does not follow, therefore, that our application must necessarily be correct. Long ago, Linnaeus said that stones grow, that plants grow and live, and that animals grow and live and feel. According to the great naturalist, then, growth, first of all, was common both to things living and to things dead; and that which distinguished animals from plants was the power of feeling; while the mere fact of life, *plus* growth, he held, distinguished plants from the mineral and non-living world. How time flies in science, and how ideas change as knowledge grows from more to more! Nowadays we know that plants, as a whole, are just as sensitive as are animals regarded as a whole; the great difference in this respect being that, while we do not usually see the sensitiveness or feeling of plants, we are able, as a rule, to distinguish that of animals.

But as to the matter of "growth," it becomes fairly clear to us, after very little reasoning, that if we are to say truly and accurately that a rock "grows," or that a mineral "grows," then it is equally plain we cannot in similar terms speak of the increase of the trees I see from my window, or, for that matter of it, the increase of the kitten that is romping by the fire. Three weeks ago Madame cat gave birth to a litter of kittens, and (*pace*, Dr. Weismann!) among them I found a tailless feline. Saved from a fate which shall be nameless, by reason of its physical abbreviation, the juvenile Manx cat lives and flourishes under the maternal care. In a few weeks more it will have attained to twice its present size, and later on it will rival its mother in dimensions. This is (and will be) the "growth" of the kitten, and it is also a legitimate description of what occurs in every other animal form. So, too, with the ferns that are peeping up under the glass shade in the window. Now they are tiny fronds. By-and-by they will expand and unfold, and will attain in due season to the dignity of the adult plant. This is "growth," truly and really; animal and plant alike exhibit the common features of increase, as a stable feature and characteristic of their lives. With the mineral world the case is different. You can place crystals in an appropriate solution, and they will "grow," but the mode of growth is highly different from that you witness in the living world. Consider how a snowball "grows," if thus, by reason of familiar speech, you may so style the process. You make the nucleus of your snowball by pressing together a handful of snow. Then you roll this nucleus amid the surrounding material. In virtue of their qualities, crystal adheres to crystal, and, the longer you roll, the bigger your snowball becomes. With the rock-masses of the world the case is similar. Rocks increase by the addition of fresh particles which are placed in relation to one another, much as we shall see the crystals of snow are added to the snowball.

Or think of a stalactite growing from the roof of the limestone-cave. Here is an object which assuredly has grown through a long period of years—which is growing and increasing before our eyes to-day. It may attain to the dimensions of a huge pillar, if the conditions under which it now exists remain steadfast. The drops of water that trickle through the earth at last filter down to the roof of the cave. They have come through a limy pilgrimage, and they have taken from the rocks, into whose crevices they found their way, so much limy material. Charged with this material, the drops hang on the cave-roof for a moment, before they fall on the floor below. This moment of suspense is attended by part-evaporation of the water of the drops. Each can, therefore, carry away down to the floor of the cave less lime than it brought to the roof; so that a few particles of lime are thus left adherent to the roof of the cavern. This is all. You have only to multiply your few water-drops into millions, and your instant during which each hangs on the roof into ages, and in due course you will get your stalactite formed. The slow dripping of lime-laden water forms the lime-pillar.

Very different, is it not, with the growth of the tree and the animal; and highly varied from this simple placing of new particles on the top of the old is the process of growth we see throughout the living worlds. The tree grows year by year, and you can measure its increase if you will. That it must have obtained matter from the outer world on and through which to increase is self-evident; and such matter (or food) it finds in the air above and in the earth beneath. But this matter, so far from being added to the outside of its body, is taken by the living plant into its interior. There is no laying of new particles on the outside of the old in this case. It is a process of internal increase we have now to consider. Nor is this all; for the food on which the living plant grows is not left unchanged like the snow or the lime. Contrariwise, it is converted and changed into the actual substance of the living being. Its food is converted into *it*, and that which was once so much carbonic acid gas, and water, and minerals, and ammonia, is now seen transmuted by the living artist into stem and root, branch and leaf, bract and flower.

If this view of things be correct, then we see that the name "growth" applied to a living being cannot, in bare justice to the clearness of our ideas, be applied also to the increase of a dead or inorganic thing. The latter process is indeed mere increase and addition; the other is a process of true "growth," including the taking of material, the selection of proper material (or food), and the conversion of that material into the substance of the living animal or plant. I know that my tailless kitten, fed on the nutriment proper to its race, will "grow," because its food will be assimilated and added to its blood, and because out of the blood every tissue and every organ of its frame will take precisely what is needed for its due increase in size. It is the same with ourselves. Kitten and man are essentially alike in their requirements as to food, and in their mode of making their food serve as the material to grow upon. We see how wide a gulf separates that which is living from that which is not living. The frost-crystals on the window seem to "grow"; but they only "increase" in size, after all. There is no assimilation in the frost-flowers any more than in the lime-pillar; and life's great hall-mark is the power of turning that which is unlike itself into its own tissues. When this power no longer exists, the body we see is either dead, having once lived; or it has never been touched at all with vital fire, and remains the non-living mineral, the unaltering crystal or the stolid pillar of lime.

ANDREW WILSON.

MUSIC.

A notice of the opening of the Royal Italian Opera is given in another part of this issue.

The Prince's Concert Society—a new musical institution—has just been founded, under extensive and distinguished patronage. The list of honorary musical directors comprises some eminent names, headed by that of Mr. Cowen as chairman. It is intended to give fortnightly concerts in the suite of galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours—the opening reception having taken place on May 16, the musical arrangements under the direction of Mr. Cowen.

On May 17 the Marie Roze concert took place at St. James's Hall. This distinguished vocalist, who has gained deserved eminence, alike in her native country in French opera, and here, on our Italian and English operatic stages—has also taken high rank as a concert-singer. On the recent occasion now referred to, she sang, with great effect, the soprano scena from Weber's "Oberon," a new song ("Bal d'oiseaux") by Lacombe, and the leading part in the quartet from "Rigoletto." Several eminent artists, vocal and instrumental, contributed to a long programme, which included performances by the members of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society.

The second of the new series of the Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall, on May 19, offered a programme of much variety, both as to style and period. Bach's concerto (in A minor) for flute, violin, and pianoforte (with accompaniment of orchestra) was a good specimen of a school that is now considered as antiquated, but may favourably compare with much of the music that is produced in the present day. The solo executants named for the concerto were Mr. Vivien, Mr. Schiever, and Madame Hopkirk. The school of romanticism was well represented, in the programme now referred to, by Weber's overture to "Oberon," and, in a different degree, by vocal pieces from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" and "Götterdämmerung" (assigned to Mr. Henschel), the overture to the same composer's "Tannhäuser," and Schumann's second symphony, in C.

The recent dramatic revival of Gluck's "Orpheus" at Cambridge would seem to have been better in intention than realisation. The opera was originally produced at Vienna in 1762, and was afterwards remodelled for the French stage. It was given, in Italian, at our Covent-Garden opera-house in 1860, and several great dramatic vocalists, notably Madame Viardot-Garcia, have, in different localities, sustained the title-character. This was, at Cambridge, allotted to a lady amateur, whose histrionic and vocal powers were scarcely equal to so arduous a task. Other characters found more experienced representatives—Mrs. Hutchinson as Eurydice, Miss Margaret Davies as Eros. Some of the choral music was effectively rendered, and there was a competent although limited orchestra, Professor Stanford having conducted the performance.

The seventy-eighth season of the Philharmonic Society is approaching its termination; five of the seven concerts having taken place. At the fifth, the programme included Madame Sophie Menter's performance of Weber's pianoforte "Concertstück," the production of a new orchestral piece, entitled "Cloud and Sunshine" (composed by Mr. F. Cliffe), and the first appearance, since her return from America, of the esteemed vocalist Madame Nordica.

The programme of Mr. Aguilar's performance of a selection from his concerted pianoforte works, at St. James's Hall, on May 19, comprised pieces in various forms and styles.

The second recital of the remarkable young Polish pianist, M. Paderewski, was announced to take place at St. James's Hall on May 20; another pianist, Herr Heydrich, having arranged for a concert at Princes' Hall on the same date—for which, also, Miss H. Wilson's third vocal recital was announced at Steinway Hall. For May 21, the first of two pianoforte recitals by Herr Friedheim was fixed at Steinway Hall, and Mlle. Lorenzi's annual concert at St. James's Hall; Madame Carreno's second pianoforte recital (in the same room) having been appointed for May 22. For the following day Mr. R. Blagrove (eminent as a performer on the viola and the concertina) announced a matinée at Steinway Hall; an evening concert having been appointed for the same date, at the Town-hall, Kensington.

Vice-Admiral John Kennedy Erskine Baird, Royal Navy, is gazetted a K.C.B.

The spring general meeting of the National Rifle Association was held at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall-yard, on May 21.

At the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the Band of Hope Union, held at Exeter Hall, and presided over by Sir Arthur Blackwood, it was stated that there are now 7767 Bands of Hope, with a membership of 1,048,500.

The Military Amateurs have forwarded £150 to the Dublin branch of the Army and Navy Pensioners' Employment Society from the proceeds of their performances at the Queen's Royal Theatre, Dublin, in April last.

Dr. Westcott was on May 15 enthroned successor to the late Bishop Lightfoot in Durham Cathedral; and on the same day Dr. O'Sullivan, the Protestant Bishop-Elect of Tuam, was consecrated in the Cathedral at Armagh.

The Marquis of Lorne presided at the Mansion House, on May 15, at a meeting of the Executive of the Toronto Library Restoration Committee. The report stated that the Queen has given a donation of books, and gifts had been promised by several persons.

Under the presidency of the Duke of Westminster, the annual meeting of friends and supporters of the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern was held in the library of the adjoining Morley Memorial College. Prior to the commencement of the proceedings the Duchess of Westminster unveiled the 'Tinworth Tablet, which has been placed over the Waterloo-road entrance to the college in memory of Mr. Samuel Morley. There was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen.

The graduates and undergraduates at the University of London who have received honours have been presented to the Vice-Chancellor (Sir J. Paget). The B.A.s, of whom thirty-four were ladies, numbered about 150, and the M.A.s, four of whom were ladies, twenty-three. Other presentations were made in the faculties of arts, science, law, medicine, and music. Sir James Paget said that there was a very great probability of the University fulfilling the requirements of the Royal Commissioners in providing what should at once be a teaching and an examining institution.

Sir A. Borthwick, M.P., presided over the fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Newspaper Society, held at the Salisbury Hotel. It was resolved to protest against the interpretation which some of her Majesty's Judges have placed upon the 4th Clause of the Libel Law Amendment Act of 1888, whereby the protection extended to accurate reports of the proceedings of public meetings is hampered by the proviso that in the opinion of a jury such report shall be deemed to be for the public benefit. Sir Algernon Borthwick, who was unanimously re-elected president of the society, presided at the annual dinner, held at the Holborn Restaurant.

A. G. B.

MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

MR. POYNTER'S PICTURE.

The work on which Mr. Poynter has been engaged for the last six years is now submitted (Mr. T. McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket) to public inspection. The subject is the meeting of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—which has furnished so many themes to poets, painters, and critics. It is no business of ours to lament that Mr. Poynter, like so many other Royal Academicians, should choose to forget the conditions under which the society of which he is a member was founded, and to ignore the claims of that society upon all works intended for exhibition. The rule has now fallen into desuetude, and outsiders are thereby enabled to take advantage of the space left free.

Mr. Poynter's large and well-finished canvas represents the moment when the "Queen of the South," who has heard of the wisdom and magnificence of Solomon, is being ushered into his presence. The King, a fine noble figure, has risen to receive the strange and beautiful woman, who not only by her costume but by her gait and demeanour seems to betray her semi-barbarous origin. It was the self-conscious superiority of Solomon rather than his wealth and magnificence which astonished and impressed his visitor. Of the two leading figures in the picture we can speak with unqualified praise. The quiet dignity of Solomon's greeting and the barbaric splendour of the Queen's costume are quite in Mr. Poynter's best style; and on the rich tones of her olive skin, relieved by countless jewels, he has bestowed all the resources of his art. The sort of shuffling, hesitating movement which the Queen has adopted is, doubtless, intentionally designed to suggest the homage due to Solomon, but it rather detracts from the dignity of the woman's figure. In other respects, the work, notwithstanding the large number of characters introduced, is wholly decorative, no personal interest being possibly aroused by the Court officials and attendants by whom the picture is filled. As a decorative work there is no need to mince matters. Its artistic beauty and completeness are alike spoilt by the gorgeous red-and-gold pillars by which the audience-hall of the King's palace is surrounded. Upon what authority Mr. Poynter introduces this violent colouring we are unable to explain. The house of Solomon, as described in the Book of Kings, simply speaks of "rows of pillars"—four, according to the Hebrew text, or three if we accept the more probable Septuagint version—which would permit of fifteen pillars in each row. Moreover, the "gold-plating," of which Mr. Poynter gives us such a large display, would seem really to refer to the shields of Solomon's bodyguard, which, as we are told, "he put in the house of the forest" (1 Kings x. 16, 17). Another point on which the picture challenges criticism is the large introduction of *giallo antico*, or yellow-veined marble, into the composition of the flooring of the audience-hall. A work which above all things is archaeological must be unimpeachable in all respects, and we should be glad to learn on what authority the artist grounds his belief that this variety of marble was in use in Judea in the days of Solomon. In other respects he has followed the writer of the description handed down to us: "Moreover, the King made a great throne of ivory, and overlaid with the best gold. The throne had six steps; and the top of the throne was round behind; and there were stays on either side on the place of the seat. . . . And

twelve lions stood there on the one side and on the other upon the six steps," &c. In rendering the lions on the steps Mr. Poynter has followed the accepted model; but he has rather departed from the design of the throne of Rameses II. in his idea of the throne of Solomon.

To leave, however, the historical side of the picture, we are able to praise, without hesitation, a great deal of Mr. Poynter's brushwork—the Queen's flowing dress, the sheen on the rich carpet which leads up to the throne, and the painting of the peacocks which occupy the foreground. On the other hand, the comparative size of the figures, in a hall of which the space seems by no means extensive, is, to say the least, capricious. There is nothing, for example, to justify the comparative sizes of the musician at the end of the row beside the throne and of the huge chamberlain who ushers in the Queen. The two girls presenting gifts and teaching a monkey to hold a peacock fan are rather trivial, but are so graceful withal that one would not wish them away. Altogether, the picture is one which will not fail to attract a large number of visitors, and to excite very divided opinion.

MADAME ROSA BONHEUR.

It is seldom that Madame Rosa Bonheur appears as a painter in water colours, and for this reason her "Scottish Sires" will be of more than ordinary interest to lovers of this art. The subject, now on view at Messrs. Tooth's galleries (Haymarket), provides the artist with a group of long-haired Scotch "kylies," on a high moorland, with mountains in the background. For masterly drawing of the noble animals, with their shaggy coats and immense horns, the picture leaves very little to be desired. Madame Rosa Bonheur has caught the spirit of the animals, even if she fails—because the work is slight—to convey an adequate idea of their surroundings. A highland glen has more than once attracted her attention, and has been rendered by her in oils, and we are therefore the more sorry that she has not shown us how she would treat such a scene in water colours. The scenery suggested by her is very picturesque and paintable, and she has caught with wonderful insight the peculiarity of Scottish mountains, moors, and the light which pervades them, distinguishing them from all others in the world.

MR. GEORGE HITCHCOCK'S PASTELS.

It has been well said that pastel-painting is within the reach of any artist who will set himself (or herself) to master its technical difficulties. Recent exhibitions in this country have shown us only too conclusively that very few of our artists have taken the necessary trouble. It has practically been left to Mr. Hitchcock to show the exquisite delicacy which is compatible with the use of this medium. The small collection of "Atmospheric Notes" now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, Vigo-street, should on no account be passed by without notice, for they convey a sense of the beautiful in nature translated in a way rarely met with among contemporary artists. We know not whether the writer of the "Introductory Note" to the little catalogue be Mr. John Burroughs, the American writer upon Nature, but it has much of his style, and Mr. Hitchcock has the power of transferring to his canvas or drawing-block the changing phases of outdoor life in Holland. There is scarcely one "Note" among the thirty-eight here brought together on which we would not willingly linger. The "Grey Morning" (14) or the "Dying Day" (21),

the "Passing Showers" (24) blowing through the reeds and rushes beside the canal, or the "Opal Cloud" (35) hanging over the sandy shore—are all gems of art, and refined renderings of what we have all seen but so few can describe. In one or two pictures, such as an "August Afternoon" (9), a woman in a cornfield; or the "Annunciation" (11), a girl in blue waist-high among the white lilies; or the "Penitent" (30), Mr. Hitchcock ventures upon making figures the central point of interest, and in each case he is wise enough to give them reality and actuality, while he lavishes upon their surroundings the riches of a poetic fancy and a refined observation. There are, however, two or three works in which may be traced the "motive" of his large picture "Tulip Culture," in the Royal Academy; and, without wishing to depreciate the oil painting, of which we readily admit the high qualities, we cannot forbear saying that, treated in pastel these crocus and tulip gardens are even more attractive.

COLONEL HANNA'S INDO-PERSIAN PICTURES.

A collection of Indo-Persian pictures and illuminated manuscripts will be an attraction rather to archaeologists than to artists. Nevertheless, among the hundred and odd works now being exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries (160, New Bond-street) there are specimens of work which is in the highest degree artistic. The pictures belong mostly to the latter half of the sixteenth or the first half of the seventeenth century; but Colonel Hanna, who has brought them together, attributes some of the portraits—notably, those of Tamerlane (9 and 10) and of his son Saladdin (65)—to a more remote period. It was, however, under the rule of Akbar that Indian or Indo-Persian art took its great development; but we are surprised to find that, in addition to native artists, that enlightened ruler engaged Italians to work for him. Under what limitations they were obliged to paint may be gathered from such pictures as those described in the catalogue—"The Angels Ministering to Christ" (21), the "Madonna Descending near a Hindoo Temple" (22); but they felt, evidently, more at their ease when depicting the "Adoration of the Magi" (125). More interesting pictorially, however, are the "Emperor Jehangir and the Persian Envoys" (27), and the very European treatment of the same "Emperor and the Elephant Kanjar" (29), which seems to have enjoyed in the seventeenth century the popularity accorded to the famous "Jumbo" of our own times. The pictures here exhibited have been obtained from all parts of India, the majority, probably, having originally been in the Royal Library at Delhi, which was looted first by the natives, and afterwards sold by the English authorities after the fall of that city.

The Marquis of Bute has been offered the Lord Lieutenancy of Glamorganshire, but has declined the honour, on the ground that his engagements in other parts of the country would prevent his fulfilling the duties.

Mr. T. B. Potter, who for twenty-four years has represented the borough of Rochdale in Parliament, and for a similar period has been Chairman of the Cobden Club, has been presented with an address in recognition of his long career of public usefulness. Mr. Gladstone, who made the presentation, gave an address on the rise and progress of free trade in this country, at present almost the solitary citadel in the world of that enlightened doctrine.

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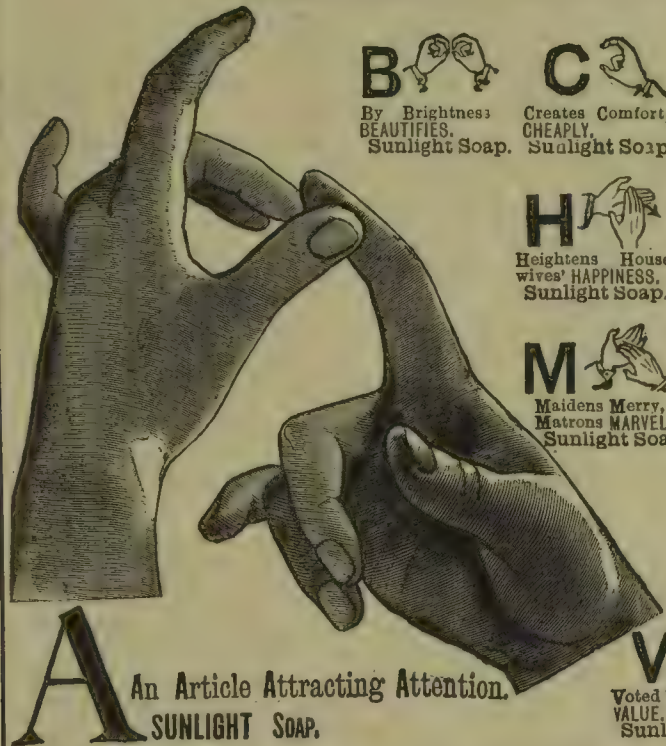
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It seems each year impossible that Drawingroom dresses can become more elaborate and beautiful, and yet each year one feels that the last season's efforts are surpassed. In fact, we have never had within our memory such exquisite brocades as the Paris Exhibition has now given us, and the hand embroideries have been made more than ever artistic and lovely, to keep pace with the materials. Of course, colour and detail are essential to the beauty of these gowns, and hence even the pencil of Pilotell cannot give a correct idea of them in black and white; nevertheless, the *Lady's Pictorial* of May 17, full as it is of charming sketches of Court gowns, helps those not present to realise the scene.

A beautiful brocade, with an old-rose ground figured in gold, was made up as a train from the shoulder, over a petticoat of palest green satin veiled with black tulle, and sewn over with roses of various shades of pink, which seemed to be pinned on, by means of jewelled brooches, mainly diamonds and opals. The bodice, with the pink and gold brocade train fixed to the shoulder, was of the same green satin, with stomacher and berthe of roses on black tulle. Another train was of a rich heliotrope silk, the entire length of it thickly bordered with purple wisteria, the shade of which just contrasted with that of the material; the petticoat was of white silk, but a deep sash of heliotrope silk came round, under the waist, following the curve of the bottom of the bodice, and fell at the left side, ending in a deep fringe of the same colour, while the other side of the petticoat was trimmed with wisteria. Another costume in the same design was made by the same house, Russell and Allen, but was in different colours, the train of a deep butter-yellow silk, trimmed with branches of laburnum, and the petticoat white, with yellow sash and fringe. The heliotrope gown was worn by Baroness Von Knoop, and the yellow by Mrs. Jackson.

Curious but effective was a bodice and skirt of white satin covered closely all over, in mathematical precision of arrangement, with a tiny gold sequin and a tiny gold bead, a sequin and a bead, and so on. It looked at first sight like a curious brocade, but, as the Eastern wearers of gorgeous fabrics have long known, there is a glittering sheen in the raised bits of polished precious metal sewn on that weaving in of gold threads cannot give. The bottom of the petticoat was richly embroidered with a design of tiny gold baskets, filled with flowers in all sorts of delicate tones. The train over this lovely petticoat was white and gold brocade, trimmed with white and gold feathers. Heliotrope and blue is a novel combination, but, the shades being carefully chosen (and how many tones of heliotrope there are!), it is lovely. There was a train of a pinkish heliotrope over a petticoat of pale blue-grey silk, with a tablier

of transparent net embroidered in pink and blue and mother-of-pearl plaques and beads of every harmonising tone. This tablier was edged and fixed down with a ruche of heliotrope and blue and pink silk.

A train of a pale yellow ground, brocaded in stripes with armure flowered in a tiny pink and green design, was made up over a tablier of eau-de-nil satin, veiled with point lace scarves held in place by sprays of laburnum. A petunia velvet train had a trimming of lilac branches and a petticoat of lilac silk, with big bows of mauve muslin of the chiffon order tying up the branches of the flowers both on the violet-red train and the lilac skirt. A pale-green ground brocaded with scrolls in a darker green was used to make a train, which was worn over a pale-green bodice and petticoat covered with net embroidered thickly with gold. Another dress had a white satin petticoat embroidered with a trellis of branches in pale brown, having clusters of pink roses and their leaves depending from it, and gold cords holding the creeper in place as it were. This went with a train of an old pink velvet lined with brown.

High bodices were but little worn. One very handsome one was in white velvet, of which also the back of the petticoat was made, while the front was of net embroidered with pearls; white feather trimming edged the meeting of the velvet and the embroidery, and also trimmed the sides of the square at the neck, which was filled in with lace; the stomacher was pearl embroidery edged with feathers. The train was of white brocade trimmed with bands and occasional clusters of feathers. Another had a high bodice of silver-grey bengaline, with square filled with lisse, and edged with a handsome passementerie of steel thickly studded with diamond brooches; tablier of steel embroidery on net over grey satin, with side panels of accordeon-pleated bengaline; and train from the shoulder of a lovely grey brocade, the design being chestnut leaves and flowers in a darker tint on a pale ground.

Everybody has been running about to see Stanley during the last fortnight. The great explorer is amiably allowing himself to be viewed for nothing by scrambling crowds. However, his health appears not to suffer, for he looked decidedly better at the Guildhall, crush and at Lady Burdett-Coutts's Bohemian and thronged gathering than when he addressed the Geographical Society immediately after his arrival. There is one highly admirable point, at least, about Mr. Stanley—he is no hypocrite. He is not a party to the ridiculous pretence that is made about his high mission as a civilising agent and a rescuer of glorious white men from unspeakable blacks. He went to take possession of African territory, armed with Gatling guns, which he had no qualms about using for his own safety; and he values the property in the Congo

State, secured now with his aid by the King of the Belgians, at a million of money; and he does not hesitate to sneer, in so many words, at "Quakerism, peace societies, anti-enterprise companies, and namby-pamby journalism, which clog every hearty endeavour in this country." The social satire is to see how the traveller, who does what he pleases with the life and property of Africans for the benefit of Europeans and avows it cynically, yet is received with garlands and feasts by the tender sex and the religious world! Perhaps the young and old ladies who pack every party where Mr. Stanley is to be, and hustle for an introduction to the hero, are like the one whom I heard say with pride, after she had greeted "Buffalo Bill": "I have shaken a hand that has scalped an Indian!" Truly, "the lion of a season" might be the text for a sermon!

Miss Dorothy Tennant, whose engagement to Mr. Stanley is now announced, is certainly one of the kindest and tenderest of women, as she proves by her devotion to the street Arabs' cause. Her brush and her pen alike have long worked to arouse interest in the gutter-boys' fate. In the New Gallery this year there is a capital picture by her of some of these clients of her sympathy.

The Women's Liberal Federation have held a successful series of meetings in London. The most interesting feature of them was the decision by a large majority that the time has come for the admission of women to the franchise on the same terms as men. It seems absurd that this should not always have been demanded, by a women's political association; but the fact is that women's Liberal associations were designed to be merely electioneering agencies for Gladstonian candidates, and without any intention on the part of official Liberals to give women political power. Like Frankenstein's creation, however, the Federation is now expanding beyond the control of caucuses, and the resolution demanding women's suffrage on equal terms with men, moved by two members of the Council of the Women's Franchise League, Miss Jane Cobden, L.C.C., and the Countess of Carlisle, was carried by an overwhelming majority, and sent to Mr. Gladstone.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Wandle Park and Upper Norwood Recreation Ground have been opened to the public by the Mayor of Croydon.

King's College, London, has just received the means of organising two new departments. The widow of Sir William Siemens, in fulfilment of the intentions of her husband, has given £6000 for the establishment of an electrical laboratory; and Mr. Banister Fletcher, Master of the Carpenters' Company, has subscribed liberally towards the formation of an architectural museum.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Perthshire, of the disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 28, 1887), with a codicil and letter of instructions, both dated the following day, of Mr. David Carnegie, J.P., D.L., late of Stronvar, in the county of Perth, who died on Feb. 15 last, at Aytoun Hill, Fifeshire, granted to James Carnegie, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on May 7. The value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounts to upwards of £246,000; and this is exclusive of his personal property in Sweden, Denmark, and India, estimated to be worth about £250,000 more.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated June 22, 1887), with three codicils (dated Dec. 13, 1887; Feb. 15, 1888; and July 30, 1889), of Mrs. Harriett Anna French, late of 183, Cromwell-road, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 27 last, to Caulfield French and Peregrine Maitland French, the sons, the executors, was resealed in London on May 2, the gross value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £84,000. The testatrix appoints, out of the trust funds under her settlement, £4000 each to her daughters Adela and Florence; and £1000 equally between her daughters Mrs. Georgina Filgate and Mrs. Ida Charlotte Young. She gives legacies of £1500 each to her two last-named daughters; an annuity of £250 to her daughter Louisa; additional legacies of £100 to each of her unmarried daughters; her interest in her residence in Cromwell-road, and the stables, with her furniture and effects, to her daughters Adela and Florence; and she makes up the fortunes of each of her sons, with the value of any landed property he may have, to £20,000. The residue of her property she leaves to all her sons.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1890) of Lieut.-Colonel William Salisbury Ewart, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, late of 4, St. George's-place, Hyde Park-corner, who died on April 7, was proved on May 8 by Mrs. Henrietta Selina Ewart, the widow, Major-General Sir Henry Peter Ewart, K.C.B., the brother, and Reynold Alleyne Clement, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £83,000. The testator bequeaths the use of his plate, for life, and all his furniture, effects, and £1000, to his wife; and legacies to his executor Mr. Clement, and to his butler, groom, and cook, and two or three annuities. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to £5000, for his niece, Alice Bertha Wells, and £10,000 for his nephew, Charles Frederick Salisbury Ewart. The ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his brother, Sir Henry Peter Ewart, for life, then for his sons as he shall appoint; and, if his brother shall die in the lifetime of his (testator's) wife, then to his sons as his wife shall appoint.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1884), with a codicil (dated Oct. 14 following), of Mrs. Anne Standerwick Heal, late of Grass Farm, Finchley, who died on March 30 last, was proved on May 5 by John Thomson Stocks, the surviving executor, the

value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £57,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Brighton; £100 each to the Deaf and Dumb Institution (Oxford-street) and St. Mary's Schools (Finchley); and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to children, grandchildren, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, nieces, nephew, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to all her children and the children of any child who may have predeceased her, in equal shares per stirpes.

The will (dated April 12, 1886) of General Charles Waterloo Hutchinson, R.E. (formerly Bengal Engineers), late of 13, Kildare-gardens, who died on March 27, was proved on May 6 by Major-General George Hutchinson, C.B., C.S.I., one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects, and £500, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Montier Hutchinson; the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to her during widowhood, she maintaining his daughter while a spinster, and then for his issue as she shall, while unmarried, by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated April 2, 1879), with a codicil (dated July 8, 1884), of Mrs. Eliza Bradshaw, late of Compton-terrace, Leek, Staffordshire, who died on Jan. 3, at Nice, was proved on May 6 by Joseph Challinor, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testatrix bequeaths considerable legacies to sisters, nephews, nieces, and others, and nineteen guineas to the Old Marlburian Scholarship Fund, Marlborough College. The residue of her estate and effects she gives to her sister Henrietta Clementina Denny.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1888), with a codicil (dated Jan. 2, 1890), of Mr. John Boyd, late of Castle Cary, Somersetshire, who died on Jan. 9 last, was proved on May 2 by Cary Pearce Coombs, M.D., James Mackie, and Frederick Whitelock, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator leaves legacies to his brother, niece, executors, housekeeper, domestic servants, and others; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his son James Stuart Boyd, his wife and children.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1888), with two codicils (dated Nov. 2, 1888; and Feb. 2, 1889), of Mr. John Forbes, late of 8, Johnstone-street, Bath, who died on March 17, was proved on May 10 by Miss Catherine Josephine Geils, the niece, and Edward Humphreys, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testator leaves his freehold house 8, Johnstone-street, with the furniture, plate, and effects, and £2000 upon trust, for Irea Amanda Welch; £1500 to his said niece, Miss Geils; £500 to his executor, Mr. Humphreys; £500, upon trust, for his niece Dorcas Eliza Lorimer, for life, and then for her children; £30 per annum to the person who shall be employed by his trustees to have the care of his dog, Jumbo; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said niece Miss Geils.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

A new season of operatic performances at Covent-Garden Theatre began on May 19, again under the lesseeship of Mr. Augustus Harris, this being his third occupancy of the same theatre for a similar purpose. His first management of Italian opera in London was in 1887, at Drury-Lane Theatre, after many years' previous success there in the production of drama and pantomime. The exceptional efficiency, both musical and spectacular, of the performances of opera under Mr. Harris's management at Drury-Lane Theatre led to his first occupancy of the Royal Italian Opera-house in 1888, when—and again last year—continued and even enhanced success resulted, both in an artistic and a financial sense.

An important feature in the arrangements for the season just opened is the contemplated performance of some operas with the text to which they were originally composed. Any change of language, however skilfully effected, must interfere with the musical rhythm—German or French opera Italianised especially suffers, more or less, in its musical expression; and, as in these days there are various nationalities among the members of an operatic company, there need be no difficulty in the successful accomplishment of a purpose for which Mr. Harris deserves all praise.

The work chosen for the inauguration of his new season, on May 19, was Gounod's "Faust," which brought back several established favourites of past seasons. The character of Marguerite was sustained by Madame Nuovina—one of the many new engagements made for the present season. The lady possesses a voice of agreeable, although not very powerful, quality. Her execution and phrasing are eminently artistic, and she seems to possess genuine dramatic sentiment and poetic feeling. She produced a very favourable impression in the music of the Garden scene, the Jewel song having been fluently rendered, but wanting somewhat in vocal power. Madame Nuovina should prove a valuable member of the company. Of the excellence of the Faust of M. J. de Reszké, the Valentino of Signor D'Andrade, and the Siebel of Madame Scalchi it is unnecessary now to speak. The sudden indisposition of M. E. de Reszké rendered him unable to appear as Mephistopheles, and his place was supplied by M. Darvall, whose efficient readiness deserves special recognition. Mdle. Bauermeister must not be forgotten for her contribution to general efficiency by her performance as Marta.

The stage effects were of that excellence which especially distinguishes Mr. Augustus Harris's management. The chorus was of an efficiency such as was rarely if ever heard in the older days of Italian Opera; and the orchestra (led by Mr. Carrodus) was worthy of comparison with that of any past season. Signor Bevigiani was warmly welcomed on his reappearance as conductor.

Of subsequent performances we must speak hereafter.

Mr. Chamberlain presided at the annual dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, subscriptions exceeding £2000 being announced, including £20 from the chairman.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

May 17 being the fourth anniversary of the birth of King Alfonso XIII., the customary general holiday was observed at Madrid. An official reception was held at the palace, and was very largely attended. The little King, who looked exceedingly well, appears to have entirely recovered from his recent severe illness. On the 18th the Queen-Regent, the King, and the two Princesses were present at an open-air mass and a defile of the troops of the garrison, organised by the municipality.

The King and Queen of Italy on May 18 presented the chief prizes to the successful marksmen at the termination of the grand shooting contest. The first prize, a gold medal given by the Minister of the Interior, and a massive silver coffee service given by the King, was won by a Genoese named Cesia; the second and third prizes were also won by Italians; the fourth by a Swiss, and the fifth by a Frenchman. Every Frenchman wore a marguerite at his buttonhole. Signor Cesia, as the winner of the first prize, also carried off the Sèvres vase given by M. Constans.

The German Emperor and Empress were present at a gala dinner which was given at Königsberg on May 14.—The

Empress Frederick, with Princesses Victoria and Margaret, on the 18th paid a visit of more than an hour's duration to the Empress Eugénie at Wiesbaden.—The debate on the new German Army Bill was commenced in the Reichstag on the 14th, when Field-Marshal Count von Moltke urged that, notwithstanding all foreign pacific assurances, Germany was bound to make provision for her own security.

The Empress of Austria returned to Vienna on May 19 from the death-bed of her sister, the Hereditary Princess of Thurn und Taxis.—The Vienna Agricultural and Forestry Exhibition was opened by the Emperor, who was received by a brilliant assembly, including all the Ministers, the Ambassadors of England, Germany, and France, the American, Swedish, and Bavarian Ministers, the Generals, the Court dignitaries, and a large number of Hungarian magnates in their rich national costumes.—In the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet, on May 17, a Ministerial Bill has been introduced for establishing a twenty-four hours' rest for workmen on Sundays. The Bohemian Diet met on the 19th, the Germans, who quitted the Assembly on Dec. 22, 1886, making their reappearance. Several hundred petitions against the recent compromise were presented by young Czech members.

The Supreme Court of the United States sustains the pro-

ceedings of the United States Government against the Mormon Church, with a view to confiscating about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of its property under the Anti-Polygamy Act.—By request of the Prince of Wales, Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, has planted in front of George Washington's tomb, at Mount Vernon, an oak sapling propagated in the Government botanical gardens from an acorn which Sir Julian Pauncefote brought from England, in order to replace the dead tree which his Royal Highness planted himself on his visit to the United States some years ago.—The marriage of Mr. Walter Damrosch and Miss Margaret Blaine, daughter of Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State in the Government of the United States, was solemnised on the 17th, at the residence of the bride's father, at Washington. President and Mrs. Harrison, all the Cabinet Ministers, with their wives, the members of the Diplomatic Body, and many other notabilities, were present.

The Marquis of Hartington presided at Devonshire House at a crowded meeting held to promote the interests of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, which is managed through some forty local committees, and last year sent 20,772 children to country homes.

LYCEUM.—THE BELLS. TO-NIGHT (Saturday) and MONDAY NEXT, at 8.50. Mathias (his original part), Mr. Irving. Preceded at Eight by **THE KING AND THE MILLER**. OLIVIA. MAY 27, 28, 29, 30, and Last Night of the Season (Miss Ellen Terry's Annual Benefit), MAY 31. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

ITALIAN ART GALLERY.—The new Colossal Picture, "DEEDS, NOT WORDS" and Others, by PROFESSOR SCUTTI (whose works exhibited at the late Italian Exhibition, 1888, were bought by Colonel J. T. North), are NOW ON VIEW. Admission, from Ten to Seven, 1s. BLOOMSBURY HALL, 26A, Hart-street, Oxford-street, W.C. (near Mudie's.)

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.

OPEN DAILY from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Military Sports and Drills. Brilliantly Illuminated Gardens. The following Military Bands will play during the week: 2nd Shropshire Light Infantry, 10th Lancers, 1st Life Guards, 3rd East Surrey, 4th Volunteer Battalion East Surrey. Whit Monday.—Ascent of Spencer's Great War Balloon, 60,000 feet capacity, carrying passengers, at 4.30 p.m. Grand Display of Fireworks by Mr. Joseph Wells at 9 p.m. Whit Tuesday.—Afternoon Trooping of Colours by Boys of Duke of York's School. Wednesday.—Daylight Fireworks at 4.30 p.m. Thursday.—Encampment on Active Service, practically illustrated by J. Battery Royal Horse Artillery. Friday.—Massed Bands of the Three Regiments of Household Cavalry—1st Life Guards, 2nd Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards. Saturday.—20th Middlesex Cyclist Corps, 5 to 6.30 p.m. Drill by Southwark Cadet Corps, 6.30 p.m. Omnibuses every five minutes from Sloane-square and South Kensington Stations to the Exhibition. Steam-boats from all Piers to Exhibition Pier, close to Main Entrance. Admission—Season Tickets (Single), £1 1s. (Double), £1 11s. 6d.; Wednesday, 2s. 6d.; Other Days, 1s. Major G. E. W. MALET, Hon. Director.

ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.

H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF FIFE will OPEN A GRAND BAZAAR on THURSDAY, JUNE 5, at Twelve noon, in aid of the FUNDS of the NORTH LONDON or UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL, in the Grounds of University College, Gower-street, W.C. The Scots Guards and other bands will be in attendance, and various entertainments will take place from time to time. The Bazaar will be open for two days, under Royal and distinguished patronage. Ladies and others wishing to supply articles for sale at the Bazaar, which should be labelled with the price, are invited to communicate with the Secretary. Admission—First Day, from 11.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., 5s.; ditto, from 2.30 to 7 p.m., 2s. 6d. Second Day, from 2.30 to 5 p.m., 2s. 6d.; ditto, from 5 to 8 p.m., 1s. Children under Twelve half-price. The 5s. Tickets are available for both days, and if purchased before June 5 two can be obtained for 7s. 6d. Donations and Annual Subscriptions are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by AUGUSTUS PRYOR, Esq., B.A., Treasurer, 79, Westbourne-terrace; or by NEWTON H. NIXON, Secretary.

WEDDING and BIRTHDAY PRESENTS at RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY.

SETS FOR THE WRITING-TABLE and ROUDOIR in SILVER, ORMOLU, CHINA, OXIDIZED SILVER, POLISHED BRASS, and LEATHER with SILVER MOUNTS. DRESSING CASES. JEWEL BOXES. DESPATCH BOXES. STATIONERY CABINETS. CARRIAGE CLOCKS. WRITING CASES. OPERA GLASSES. INKSTANDS. SCENT BOTTLES. CANDLESTICKS. POSTAGE SCALES. BOXES OF CUTLERY. CIGAR CABINETS. LIQUEUR CASES. CIGARETTE BOXES. USEFUL and ELEGANT PRESENTS in SILVER, and a large and choice Assortment of ENGLISH, VIENNESE, and PARISIAN NOVELTIES, from 5s. to £25.

TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS.

With Half-marked Sterling Silver Fittings, in Morocco, Russia, Crocodile, and Pigskin Leathers. £5 5s., £10 10s., £15, £20, £30, to £100.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS.

Engraved as Gems from Original and Artistic Designs. NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES, brilliantly illuminated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours. BEST RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100. All the New and Fashionable Note-Papers. BALL PROGRAMMES, MENUS, and GUEST CARDS. WEDDING CARDS, INVITATIONS, and BOOK PLATES. A VISITING NAME PLATE, elegantly Engraved, and 100 superlative CARDS Printed, for 4s. 6d.

RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.

Awarded the HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER in ½ lb. and ¼ lb. PACKETS.

For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Paris, London, New York.

Sold Everywhere.

DEATH and Disablement by Accident. The RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY assures £1000 at death and full Benefits at £4 per annum. Hon. Evelyn Ashley, chairman. Annual Income £250,000. 80,000 Annual Policy-holders. Invested Capital and Reserve Fund, £285,000. Compensation Paid, £2,750,000. End Office, 6, Grand Hotel-buildings, W.C. Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C. W. D. MASSY and A. VIAN, Secretaries.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT. The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills bugs, moths, fleas, and all insects (perfectly unrevivified). Harmless to everything but insects. Tins, 6d. and 1s. Ask for "Keating's Powder," and insist upon having it.

**ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.**

Samples and Price Lists post free. Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from 1s. to 60s. each. Children's .. 1/3 Hemstitched:—Ladies' .. 2/4 Ladies' .. 2/11 1/2 Gent's .. 3/6 Gent's .. 4/11 1/2 Per Doz. ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF & HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1 1/2d. per Bottle.

**"CHAMPION" HAND ICE MACHINE.**

Send for List F12 from Sole Licensees, PULSOMETER ENGINEERING CO., LD., Nine Elms Ironworks, London, S.W.

DRESS SHIRTS and COLLARS.

Unequalled for Quality and Fit. POPE and PLANTE, Hosiery and Grovers, 136, Regent-street, London, W.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE

POLISH.

THE QUEEN

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers, Oilmen, &c.

MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

NEW KODAKS.

Eight Sizes with Transparent Film.

The only hand Camera which an Amateur should attempt to use.

OVER 20,000 IN USE.

THE EASTMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS CO., LIMITED,

115, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP

FOOD WARMERS.

WITH NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN.

By their peculiar construction—the glass chimney conducting and concentrating heat to the bottom of the water vessel—they give a larger amount of light and heat than can be obtained in any other lamp of the same class. Without smoke or smell.

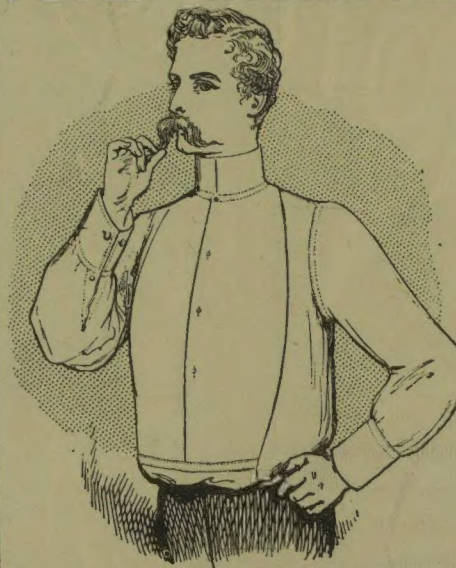
CLARKE'S NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and prevents spilling when poured into a feeding-bottle, so unavoidable with all other Pannikins. The Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS and **"FAIRY PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS** are the best in the world, and the only suitable ones for burning in the above, and for lighting passages, lobbies, &c.

Price of Lamps, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each. Sold everywhere.

If any difficulty in obtaining them, write to CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" and "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, Limited, London, N.W., for nearest Agent's address. Show-room—31, Ely-place, E.C.

**PETER ROBINSON.****THE "REX" TAILOR-MADE SHIRT.**

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

White, all Linen Fittings, 4/6 ... 6 for 26/-

" Fine Linen Fittings, 5/6 ... 6 for 32/-

" Extra Fine Linen, 7/6 ... 6 for 42/-

" Dress Wear, 5/6, 7/6 9/6.

" Specialite Pure Linen Shirt, 10/6.

SPECIAL ORDERS IN FOUR DAYS.

New Range of Coloured Oxfords, Cambrics, and Calcuttas for Shirts and Pyjamas.

Write for Patterns & Self-Measurement Forms.

PETER ROBINSON,

GENTLEMEN'S DEPT.,

196, OXFORD ST., W.

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Established 1806.

Assurance Fund, Four Millions.

Mutual Assurance at least cost.

No. 81, King William-street, E.C.

THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"THE QUEEN"

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers, Oilmen, &c.

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WITH NEW REGISTERED PANNIKIN.

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WHAT IS YOUR CREST and MOTTO?

Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. PEDIGREE TRACED. The correct colours for liveries, Arms of husband and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-plates engraved in medieval and modern styles. Signet rings, 13-carat, from 42s.—25, Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED STATIONERY.—A Half-ream of BEST QUALITY Paper and SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped in COLOUR with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Wedding and Invitation Cards. A card-plate and 50 best Visiting Cards, 2s. 8d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), London, W.C.

M O N T E C A R L O .

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the sea-breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.

Great improvements have been made in the manufacture of FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, celebrated for their superior fitting. Six for 40s., 45s., 50s., 55s., 60s., 65s., 70s., 75s., 80s., 85s., 90s., 95s., 100s., 105s., 110s., 115s., 120s., 125s., 130s., 135s., 140s., 145s., 150s., 155s., 160s., 165s., 170s., 175s., 180s., 185s., 190s., 195s., 200s., 205s., 210s., 215s., 220s., 225s., 230s., 235s., 240s., 245s., 250s., 255s., 260s., 265s., 270s., 275s., 280s., 285s., 290s., 295s., 300s., 305s., 310s., 315s., 320s., 325s., 330s., 335s., 340s., 345s., 350s., 355s., 360s., 365s., 370s., 375s., 380s., 385s., 390s., 395s., 400s., 405s., 410s., 415s., 420s., 425s., 430s., 435s., 440s., 445s., 450s., 455s., 460s., 465s., 470s., 475s., 480s., 485s., 490s., 495s., 500s., 505s., 510s., 515s., 520s., 525s., 530s., 535s., 540s., 545s., 550s., 555s., 560s., 565s., 570s., 575s., 580s., 585s., 590s., 595s., 600s., 605s., 610s., 615s., 620s., 625s., 630s., 635s., 640s., 645s., 650s., 655s., 660s., 665s., 670s., 675s., 680s., 685s., 690s., 695s., 700s., 705s., 710s., 715s., 720s., 725s., 730s., 735s., 740s., 745s., 750s., 755s., 760s., 765s., 770s., 775s., 780s., 785s., 790s., 795s., 800s., 805s., 810s., 815s., 820s., 825s., 830s., 835s., 840s., 845s., 850s., 855s., 860s., 865s., 870s., 875s., 880s., 885s., 890s., 895s., 900s., 905s., 910s., 915s., 920s., 925s., 930s., 935s., 940s., 945s., 950s., 955s., 960s., 965s., 970s., 975s., 980s., 985s., 990s., 995s., 1000s.

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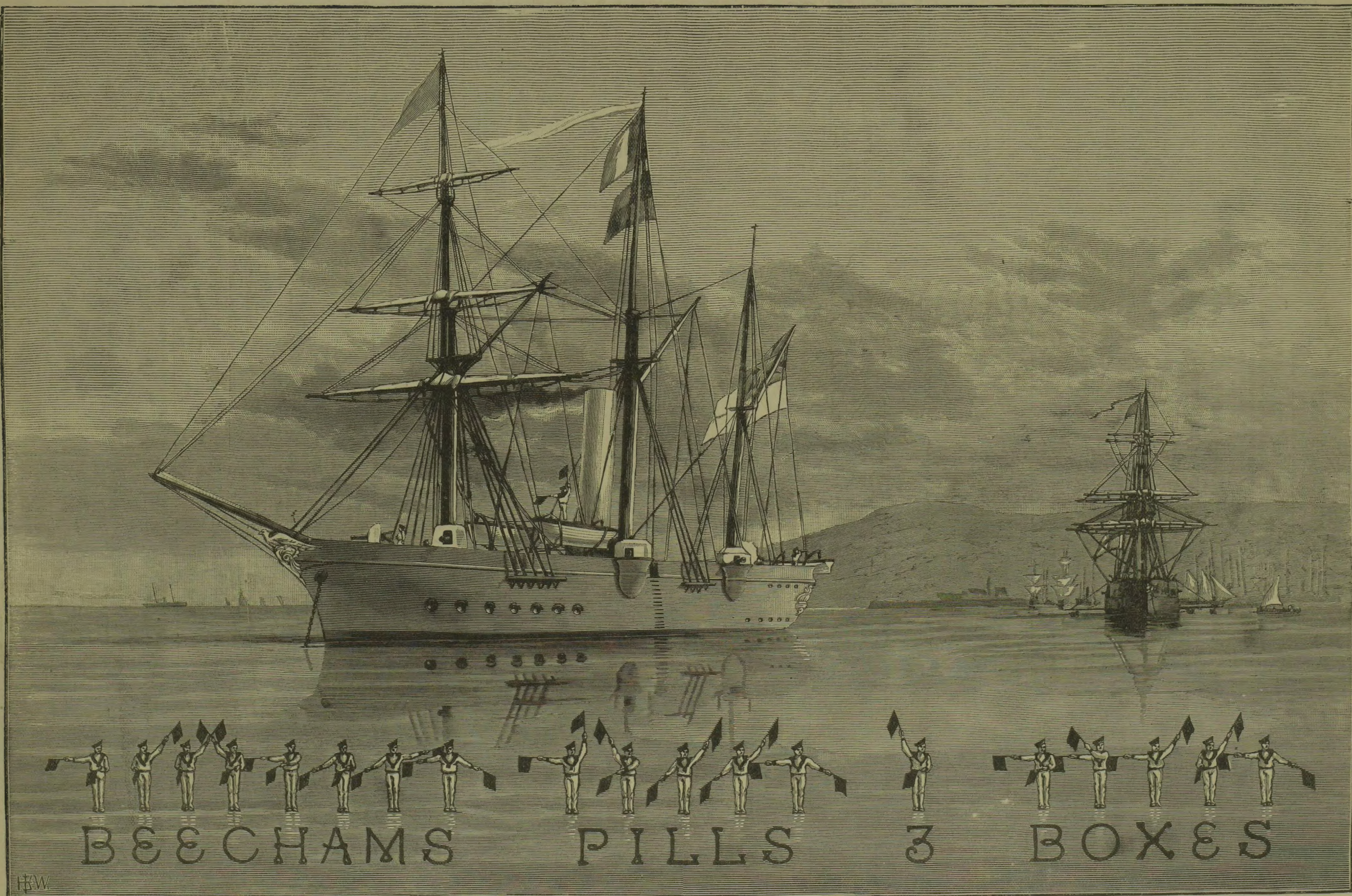
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Extract from a Naval Officer's Journal.—Montevideo, December 17th, 1889.—H.M.S. "Swallow" (gun vessel) arrived to-day from Rio de Janeiro (where she had been sent on account of the recent Revolution) with yellow fever on board, and was, of course, placed in strict quarantine. Being so near Christmas, many luxuries were required from the shore, and she signalled us a long list of necessities for the festive season to be sent out in the quarantine boat. Among the first of the articles on the list was **BEECHAM'S PILLS. 3 BOXES FOR THE CAPTAIN!**

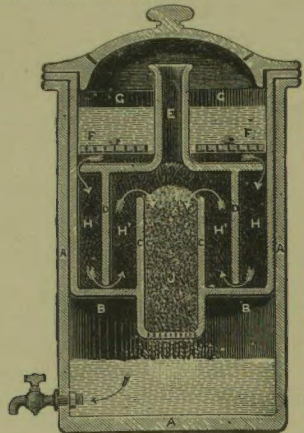
PURE SPARKLING WATER.

MORRIS'S
NEW PATENT CIRCULATING FILTER,

In which each drop of water is brought into contact with thousands of particles of air, thus fully oxygenating it, and rendering it brisk and refreshing.

It is strongly recommended by the Medical Profession and experts on water, as the most scientifically perfect filter ever offered to the public. It is also as easy to clean as an ordinary vegetable dish, as there are no corks, screws, or joints of any kind.

These Filters are made by the eminent firm of DOULTON AND CO., and are charged with their celebrated manganese carbon, unless otherwise ordered.



PRICES:—

ENAMELLED STONEWARE FILTER, EACH—
1 Gall., 14/-; 2 Galls., 22/6; 3 Galls., 28/6;
4 Galls., 36/-; 6 Galls., 51/-.

The Filter is also made in all the usual forms and designs and in the various kinds of stoneware, and may be inspected at the Offices of the

MORRIS TUBE CO., 11, Haymarket, S.W.

The MORRIS TUBE is an invention which temporarily converts a Gun or Rifle into a Rook or Rabbit Rifle in one minute without any injury to the barrels whatever. Price 3s. 6d. each. Ammunition 2s. 6d. short, 2s. 9d. long, per 100. Tubes of larger calibre are made for all sizes up to the .41 Winchester, and also for the .410 and other shot cartridges.

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR HEARTBURN.

New Illustrated Catalogue for 1890 now ready.

G. E. LEWIS'S GUNS AND RIFLES.
HONOURS: Paris, 1878; Sydney, 1880;
Melbourne, 1881; Calcutta, 1884.



The above is the latest improvement in "the Gun of the Period," and is supplied at from 25 to 40 Guineas; other ejectors from 16 Guineas. We now supply the Anson and Dealey Farmers and Keepers' quality, from 10 Guineas, cylinder bore, or choked. New 124-page illustrated catalogue for season 1890, now ready, larger choice and better value than ever. Our stock of sporting guns, rifles, and revolvers is the largest and most varied of any one maker. Choice of 2000 Guns and Rifles.

G. E. LEWIS, GUNMAKER, BIRMINGHAM.
ESTAB. 1850. [Telegrams: "Period, Birmingham."]

HOOPING COUGH.

GROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria-street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.



HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE, engraved or plain, in leather-covered case. Free by Parcel Post in United Kingdom, 3s. 6d. A. W. ABRAHAM, 29, Edgbaston-st., Birmingham. Wholesale Manufacturer. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

KROPP REAL GERMAN
RAZOR HOLLOW GROUND. NEVER REQUIRE GRINDING.
Warranted Perfect. Black Handle 5/6, Ivory Handle 7/6; of all Dealers.

THE ONLY PALATABLE NATURAL APERIENT.

FRANZ JOSEF WATER

INFALLIBLE for All Affections of the Liver, for Biliousness and Disorders of the STOMACH, and an UNRIVALLED BLOOD PURIFIER. The *Lancet* says: "A natural water of great interest and value, and will doubtless be extensively used." Of all Chemists, and FRANZ JOSEF CO., 101, Leadenhall Street.

DR. DE JONGH'S
KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Incontestably proved by Thirty-five Years' Universal Medical Experience to be
THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS
IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Dr. EDGAR SHEPPARD,

Professor of Psychological Medicine, King's College.

"Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."

Dr. SINCLAIR COGHILL,

Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor.

"In Tubercular and the various forms of Strumous Disease, Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Oil possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod Liver Oil with which I am acquainted."

Dr. PROSSER JAMES,

Lecturer on Materia Medica, London Hospital.

"Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil contains the whole of the active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested."

Dr. THOMAS NEDLEY,

Physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"The most uniformly pure, the most palatable, and the most easily retained by the stomach is Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Oil. I have habitually prescribed it in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, with very beneficial results."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; by all Chemists and Druggists.
Sole Consignees—ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 210, High Holborn, London, W.C.
CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

PARKINS & COTTO
COURT STATIONERS



OXFORD STREET, LONDON.
Samples of Stationery Post Free.

WOODHALL SPA WATER

GOUT

RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA

SKIN DISEASES

Is the most effectual remedy for these diseases, as testified to by EMINENT MEMBERS of the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Sold in large Bottles at 12s. per Dozen. To be had of all Chemists, or direct from the Spring on application to Manager.

WOODHALL SPA, LINCOLN.

The Baths at the SPA are NOW OPEN, comprising Mineral, Vapour, and Pine Baths, Massage, Douches, and Rooms for Inhalation.

Full particulars on application to the Medical Superintendent.

WOODHALL SPA, LINCOLN.

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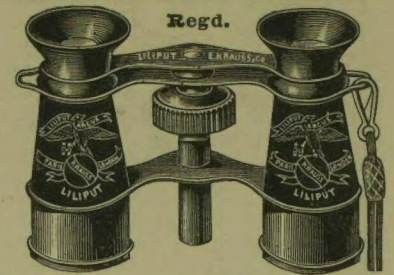
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